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Poetry.

IN OLD DAYS.

O Lord omnipotent,
Thou me upraise;
Let me but live again
As in old days.

Why am I groping here
In this dark maze?
Stretch me thy helping hand
As in old days.

If I have strayed from thee
In devious ways,
Lend thou my steps aright,
As in old days.

Brighten my darkening sight,
Strengthen my mind;
I am so wilful, Lord,
Thou art so kind.

Give back my childish faith,
Teeming with Thee;
Give me the early light
Which led to Thee.

Oh! may thy golden sun
Pour down its rays,
And warm me with its light,
As in old days.

Teach me those songs of joy,
Full of thy praise;
Thy work my soul employ,
As in old days. —*Boston Transcript.*

AN IRISH LOVE DITTY.

If I said that your cheeks shamed the red roses'
brightness,
Or your step was a match for the mountain
deer's lightness;
Or your bosom of love like the ocean's foam
swelling;
Sure, divil a word of a lie I'd be tellin'.

O sunny-haired darlin', O blue-eyed colleen!
No wonder the village maids call you their
queen!
For from castle-famed Blarney
To lovely Killarney,
Your beauty's unequaled, my own Kathaleen.

'Tis your smile, grammachree, that enrapt'res
me only;
And the thought of it oft brings me joy when
I'm lonely,
And my slumbers at night by your sweet pres-
ence is haunted,
Till I waken to clasp you but find you are want-
in'.
I'm sighin' and longin' for you, my colleen,
From nightime till mornin', from mornin' till
e'en,
Aye, dyin' to behold you,
And lovin'ly fold you
Close, close to this bosom, my own Kathaleen.

Sure, your bright, whinin' glance, and your
sweet silv'ry laughter,
The bliss shall increase of our happy hereafter,
And here in our home by the pure crystal river,
Love's soft-tinted rainbow shall beam round us
ever
Then come to my arms, my blue-eyed colleen,
The woodland may vary its rich vernal sheen,
But this true heart shall never
From constancy sever,
But throb for thee ever, my own Kathaleen.

THE TANGLED SKEIN.

A lassie in a flannel gown,
With sunny hair a-flying,
And cheeks wind kissed to bonnie brown,
Upon the beach goes rambling down
And finds herself a-sighing.

The sands and the low rolling swell,
The shadows and the high light
That strikes the cliff—she knows them well—
What new, unnamed, unwelcome spell
Has fallen with this twilight?

A chance acquaintance—yesterday
They watched the sunset—only
A week of rambling by the bay;
But somehow, since he went away
This morning, she is lonely.

Close crumpled in her small brown hand,
She holds a foreign letter;
"I sail to-morrow, dear"—the sand
Is damp just here—she shivers and
Her glance falls on the brown left hand
Where shines a golden fetter.

The light is fading, and the sea
Keeps up its tiresome talking;
It falls quite cold—so suddenly,
There's nothing nights, that it must be
A foolish time for walking.

Our Story Teller.

WATER IN OUR CELLAR.

How an Unhappy Householder Went Crab-Fishing by Night and Was Caught in His Own Trap.

When Maude and I moved into the little house which we now occupy I asked the agent in the clearest language I could command whether the cellar was dry, and the old brass-mounted liar replied that it was. This reminded him that he was a little dry himself, and, while he withdrew to moisten his parched interior with a quarter that I happened to find concealed in my clothing, Maude and I talked the matter over and decided to take the house.

It was some little time before we discovered that our cellar had holes in it. We were occupied with the arrangement of our household goods, and with the problem of making a parlor carpet, cut for a floor sixteen by eleven feet, cover a room fifteen feet square, with a bay window in it. Maude said it could be done. She dragged out some of the higher mathematics she learned at Vassar, brushed the dust off them, and then figured it out this way:

The old room was one foot longer and eleven feet wider—a gain of eleven square feet for the old room; and the new one was one foot shorter and fifteen feet wide—a loss of fifteen square feet for the new room.

Therefore, as the old one was eleven feet bigger than the new, and at the same time the new was fifteen feet smaller than the old, the total difference must be twenty-six square feet, which was more than enough to cover the bay window. In spite of these veracious figures there was always a bare spot somewhere, no matter how Maude arranged her carpet. She finally bought a mat as a temporary expedient to

GETTING COLD IN A WET CELLAR.

cover that hole until she could take it up into quadratic equations and lose it. Meanwhile she remarked that if I knew as much as a cow about tacking down carpets she wouldn't have to make all those hard figures. I tried to make the multiplication table prove me an innocent man, but Maude knew better, and she said so many hard things on the subject that, in a spirit of true Christian humility, I went out and bought a peace offering, consisting of one dozen soft shell crabs for breakfast. Maude is so fond of crabs that she would rather eat one than quarrel with her husband. I never knew a woman who was that way before. She thanked me for my thoughtfulness and immediately after dinner she sat down with her cook book and looked up the best way to prepare them.

"Katy's going to a ball this evening," said Maude, "and it's just possible that I may have to cook breakfast to-morrow."

Katy had forgotten to bring up the coal, so while Maude went for the water-proof I took the coal scuttle and a candle and descended the stairs. At the bottom I stepped into eighteen inches of water that was cold enough to skate on. Then I sat down on the stairs and emptied a quart of water out of my slippers.

"Howdy," said Maude at the head of the stairs, "what are you swearing about in that frightful manner?"

"This blamed cellar is full of water."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" cried Maude, "they'll all be drowned."

"Who'll be drowned?"

"My crabs. I put them down there to keep cool. Go right in and get them before it's too late."

"Go crabbing in this dirty water? I guess not," said I.

"Howdy, you must," said Maude. "It would be inhuman to let the poor things drown."

"Drown? Do crabs live in the water or in a brown stone front, when they're at home? I'm stuck on your natural history. Let me get up those stairs. There are icicles on my stockings."

"Wait there and I'll get you a candle," said Maude; so I sat down on the stairs and hugged my cold feet. I took off my wet stockings, rolled up my pantaloons, and then I fished up the coal scuttle. There was a box about half way between the stairs and the coal heap. It was a large box, and it appeared to be of a trustworthy character. I made a jump for it and lit there, but I didn't remain. The box was floating. Its appearance of dignity and firmness had been a hollow sham. When I struck it, the further side sunk suddenly about a foot, and I slid right on over into the water. Then I climbed back upon the box, and en-

CATCHING AND CAUGHT.

deavored to reprove Maude for her heartless mirth, but I couldn't quite reach her with the shovel. She threatened to take the candle up stairs, and leave me down there in the dark, so I desisted. In the course of the discussion, however, I fell off the box again.

"There; you're into it now, and you might as well wade," said Maude.

I accepted the suggestion and filled the scuttle with coal. Then I waded back to the stairs.

"Did you catch any of them?" asked Maude.

"No, I didn't catch anything but a cold," said I.

Maude looked up disappointed. "I hoped some of the crabs might catch hold of your feet," said she. "Please walk round some more, or we shan't have anything for breakfast."

"Do you think I am going to fish for breakfast in this infernal cellar with nothing but my toes for bait?" said I.

"There's one right over by the box," exclaimed Maude. "Oh, Howdy, please run out and catch him."

Sure enough, there was a crab in sight. I got on to the box again and reached out after him. He saw me coming and walked away. Then I got mad and chased him. Just as I grabbed him something grabbed me with a grip that nearly took one of my feet off. I howled.

"Have you got him?" asked Maude.

"Yes, and one of them has got me by the foot; ouch!"

Maude clapped her hands.

"Oh, how nice," she said. "See if you can't get another one with the other foot."

"Thanks, I have plenty," said I hobbling back to the stairs. "For heaven's sake take him off."

Maud looked at my foot, and she shed tears. I thought it was sympathy, but it was n't.

"Oh, How," she cried, "how horrid of you to disappoint me so. That i n't a crab; it's a steel trap I put down here to catch rats."

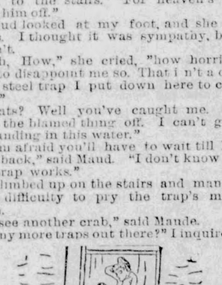
"Rats? Well you've caught me. Now take the blamed thing off. I can't get at it standing in this water."

"I'm afraid you'll have to wait till Katy gets back," said Maud. "I don't know how the trap works."

I climbed up on the stairs and managed with difficulty to pry the trap's mouth open.

"I see another crab," said Maude.

"Any more traps out there?" I inquired.



AN IMPROMPTU HEADER.

"I really can't remember whether I set the other one or not, but I think ——"

"I don't take any chances. We'll wait till you're sure about it."

"Why don't you put that long board from the steps here out unto the box?" said Maude. "Then you could walk right out and not get into the water."

It looked like a good idea. I took the long board and placed it as Maude suggested. Its middle rested on the box. I walked out on it. The crab was some distance beyond the box. I told Maude to stand on the board to balance it while I walked out on the further end. She did so. I was just stooping down to reach the crab, when I heard her exclaim:

"Oh, dear, this one's running away!"

Then she got off the board and chased him. That end flew up, and I went down, and I stood on my head on the crab's back with both legs raised appealingly to the unheeding heavens.

* * * * * * *

Next day I met our agent on the street.

"Look here," said I, in a voice that was husky with influenza, "I thought you said that cellar was dry."

"My dear sir," said he, "you will find that it takes about two weeks for the water to get out of that cellar. You will also do me the justice to remember that at the time I assured you that the cellar was dry, it had not rained for more than three weeks, so that I had every reason to believe that at that particular moment the cellar was perfectly dry."

I asked the agent whether he supposed that a man who told the truth in such miserable bow-legged shape as that would be treated any different from an ordinary every day liar in the final judgment; and he replied that he hoped so because he didn't want to associate with a man like me in a long hereafter. In his ante-mortem statement, which was taken almost immediately after the remark, he retracted the words, and told the coroner that it was not I who hit him with a club. I did not mistake this for a spirit of Christian forgiveness. No, indeed; he wanted revenge the worst way, but he had been a house agent so long that he could not tell the truth even when he wanted to.—*H. F. in Baltimore News.*

The Grocer and the Parrot.

New York Press.

The noise of a grocery wagon awakened the Bowery parrot from his afternoon nap yesterday. He viciously grasped a chunk of cracker in his claws and threw it at the driver as he yelled:

"The tariff is a tax."

It happened that the regular driver was sick himself. He stopped short to see what hit him, and saw the parrot.

"I guess you don't know quite as much about it as you think you do," said the grocer. "Under a protective tariff American salt has declined from $1.80 a barrel in 1886 to 65 cents a barrel at the works in Syracuse. And yet Mr. Mills wants to put salt on the free list!"

The parrot winked at the grocer's horse and said: "The tariff is a tax."

"That isn't all, either," said the grocer. "They pay $1.50 a day for labor at Syracuse, $6 a week in England, and 40 cents a day at Turk's Island for salt workers. Does the tariff tax me, or does it tax the salt workers at Syracuse?"

The parrot answered only: "The tariff is a tax."

Encouraging a Proposal.

She gave some money to a little girl who asked alms, upon which he said:

"You give with a free hand."

She held out her hand so that he might see that there was no engagement ring upon it and blushingly answered:

"Yes, it is entirely free."—*Boston Courier.*

POLLY IN A COURT-ROOM.

A Learned Bird Makes an Interesting Witness Before a Judge.

"Oh, I'm glad I'm here. I'm glad, I'm—scat!"

"Put that drunken man out, Mr. Bailiff," shouted Judge Lawler, wearily.

"It's only Tom Sawyer," responded Mr. Neagle.

"I don't care the sneeze of a corpse who it is—put him out."

"But it's a parrot, your Honor."

"Ah, there, my pretty!" sung out the same voice.

The judge scratched his nose reflectively and awaited developments.

An officer hove in sight bearing a cage containing a dissipated-looking parrot.

"Let me out," screamed the bird. "I'm Tom Sawyer. You're a thief. You're a thief."

"Order in court," cried the bailiff.

"Order yourself," retorted Polly. "I'm the cock of the walk. Ho, Tom."

"What crime has this gentleman committed?" queried his honor, pointing to the lively bird.

"He is here on a search warrant," replied Mr. Mott. "Mr. Sawyer, who is the original of the character in Mark Twain's famous book entitled 'Tom Sawyer,' claims the bird and seeks to recover it."

"Well, let us hear the story."

"To-wit—to-wee—to-whittle—to-wee."

"Polly, you must not whistle in court," warned Mr. Sawyer, as he took the stand. "It isn't dignified."

"Oh, you're joking, I know," chuckled the bird.

"I have had this parrot nine years or more," said the witness, "and it is the most intelligent and best educated bird in the state. What Polly doesn't know isn't worth knowing. I guess I have been offered $75 for him, but I would not take $100."

"How did you lose it?" asked Mr. Mott.

"Whew!" ejaculated the bailiff. "Let go my finger, you little devil!"

He had placed his finger thoughtlessly between the wires of the cage, and Tom Sawyer had promptly punctured it.

"I guess you had better let him out of the cage," observed the owner. "He will be quiet then."

Polly was released, and stepped out with a mien as stately as that of Edgar Poe's "Raven."

"I missed the bird on the 21st of last June," resumed Sawyer, "and I felt pretty bad over it. I have searched for it ever since, and I saw it yesterday in a store kept by a man named north, at the corner of Twelfth and Folsom streets. The parrot recognized me as soon as I came near, and sang out, 'Tom Sawyer, take me home!'"

"You are right," remarked Polly, as he winked one eye and twisted his head on one side. "What a brain you've got, as Mark Twain used to say."

"That seems a pretty knowing bird," said his Honor. "I don't see why he should not be a witness in this case. Swear him Mr. Clerk."

"Oh, I never swear, but I'm d—hungry," ejaculated the parrot. "Let us pray."

"No levity, sir," said Clerk Kaplan with gravity "Take the stand and hold up your right hand."

Polly muttered something that sounded suspiciously like "I Owe Ten Dollars to O'Grady" as he obeyed orders.

Then he raised his foot and repeated the oath after the clerk.

"Thank goodness that's over," he remarked. "Say, I'm dry. Let's adjourn to take a drink."

"What is your name?" asked the court.

"Tom Sawyer, and I'm a dandy, but no dude."

"How did you stray away from home?"

"Well, now, your smart. Stray away? I was carried away."

"How was that?"

Polly paused to scratch himself and then replied:

"Well, I was sitting in front of my saloon and a boy grabbed me and ran. I swore at him, but he was a German and didn't understand me. At last he met a man, and he told him he had found a bird and wanted to sell it. The man bought me for four bits and took me to a place on Harrison street. Why, I almost committed suicide when I found myself there, for I tell you I have been in select company in my day."

"Doubtless," said his honor, laughingly. "But how did Mr. North get you."

"Oh, I bit the wires of the cage until I could get out and I flew until I got tired. Then North happened along and took me with him. Oh, I have had a gay time, I assure you."

"Ever known Mark Twain?" asked Mr. Mott.

"Well, I should remark. Know Mark! Why, bless your heart, I knew him when he was put in his first pants. You know the book he wrote about my boss?"

The court and officials nodded assent.

"Well, you didn't know that I made him write it, did you? No? Yes, sir; I said: 'Mark,' says I, 'you just take your pen and write a story.' He and my boss had made mud pies together and swopped chewing gum, dead cats and lies. He wrote the story and I edited it. See?"

"Remember, you are under oath," remarked Mr. Mott.

"Bless my soul. That's so. I take it all back," said the bird, nervously.

While his Honor was tying his shoestring, Polly hopped on to Clerk Kaplan's head and dug his claws into the clerk's skull. The man who administers oaths took some on his own account, and knocked Polly sick with a blow in the stomach.

His Honor said he guessed Mr. Sawyer would have to train him afresh, as he was getting too fresh. He ordered the bird returned to its legitimate owner.

As they left the court one of the bystanders remarked to the reporter: "Tom is a pretty good ventriloquist, ain't he? He has built up a reputation for that bird, and nobody knew that Poll didn't do the talking just now. Tom is as big a joker as when he fooled the boys into whitewashing his fence for him."

Tom sent the bird to his saloon at No. 935 Mission street and then celebrated the return of the wanderer. When he got home he saw two birds and two cages. His hat was also much too small for him. The weather was warm, very warm.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Just for Fun.

The electric light wire will soon be entitled to rank with the oil can, the blown-out gas and the gun that is not loaded.—*Puck.*

When marriage is a failure there is a good deal more wrong with the man or woman, or both, than with marriage.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A contemporary says: "The Bee Line railroad has 117 crooks in it." The Bee Line road is pretty nearly as well off as Wall street.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

It costs $20,000,000 to run a Presidential campaign. If you see Belva Lockwood traipsing around in an old bonnet next summer, you'll know the reason why.—*Burlington Free Press.*

McPhee—Have yez a match, Dennis?

Corrigan—Oi hev.

McPhee—Wull, thin, light both finds of thot cigya so's it won't lasht so long.—*Judge.*

Miss Sadie (to obsequious attendant at dinner)—So you are one of the student waiters, sir. I trust you will accept this (tendering coin) in the spirit in which it is offered. McGooligan—Indade, I will, an' long life to yez, miss.—*Time*

Countryman (looking over copy of Æsop's Fables)—What's the price of this book mister? Dealer—Fifty cents. Do you want a copy? No: the feller what wrote it has stole most of his ideas from the newspapers.—*Exchange.*

A Faithful Servant.

Miss Society—Did you do as I requested in regard to refusing admittance to Mr. Jones?

New Girl—Yis, mum; of axed 'em all if their names was Jones, an' one of 'im said it waz, an' oi could 'im yez all had gone to Europe for 17 years.

"Was he a tall, handsome man, with a black beard?"

"No, mum; he waz a quare lukin' duck, in sojer clothes, an' the shpalpeen had a big bag o' letters hangin' over his shoulder. Is it stealin' letters he's after, Miss?"—*Philadelphia Record.*

Where to Find Him.

"How high is that steeple?" asked an English visitor of the sexton.

"Three hundred feet, sir."

"Did you ever climb up?"

"Yes, when it was being built."

"Ever fall down?"

"No," replied the sexton, with a look of contempt. "If you want to find the fellow who fell down just go back there in the yard and you'll see his name on one of the tombstones.—*New York Sun*

SHE COULDN'T PASS THE SALT.

Remarkable Predicament of a Baltimore Belle at a Dinner in Albany.

Perhaps you can imagine the sensation created by the following incident, which occurred at a very select and formal dinner party on Beacon street one day last week.

One of the guests on this festive occasion was a young lady from Baltimore, whose attractiveness—for the men, at any rate—is not diminished by a tendency to be mildly giddy. On either side of her at the table were seated two nice young men who vied with one another in their efforts to engage her attention. With both of them she seemed equally pleased, bestowing her smiles this way and that with charming impartiality.

Having been introduced to the pair but five minutes before sitting down, she had cast a spell upon them before the fifth oyster on her plate was swallowed. When the soup plates were removed they had already abandoned themselves to her fascinations, and by the time the roast was on the table each was hopelessly enraptured. When the fowl was brought it chanced that, while the butler and assistant were out of the room for a moment, the hostess, who sat close by at the head of the table, wanted some salt.

"My dear," she said to the Baltimore girl, "will you hand me that little cellar by you?"

The young woman spoken to looked up responsively, but made no motion to comply with the reques. Supposing that she had not understood Mrs. K—— said again: "Will you not give me the salt, if you please?"

By this time the attention of every one present had been called in that direction. The young lady from the Monumental City, however, was not perturbed. "I am very sorry, Mrs. K——," she said, "but how can I do what you ask?" And with this she lifted her hands suddenly from beneath the table, holding in her left the hand of the young gentleman on that side and in her right the hand of his rival. Both had been holding hands with her, unknown to each other, under the mahogany.—*Albany Argus.*

Occurences Selected for the Fair.

Mamie—"What are you writing, Minnie; your will?"

Minnie—"No; I'm writting my won't. George proposed last night, and I told him I'd answer to-day."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Ethel (at the bookstore)—"Here's a cute little book called 'Don't.' I wonder who wrote it?"

Grace—"Guess by the author of 'Kant's Works.'"—*Pittsburg Express.*

"Why, Mrs. Ballard, how do you do?"

"Quite well. How are you, Mrs. Jones? How did you find me in all this crowd?"

"By your bonnet. It's the third summer for it, isn't it?"—*Boston Journal.*

Mrs. Bings—"There goes poor Mrs. Blather. She bears up well under the loss of her husband."

Mr. Bings—"Yes, she stands it nobly. Blather carried a good deal of insurance, you know."—*Lowell Citizen.*

Aggie—"So your fiance shot you?"

Elsie—"Yes, he fired twice without effect."

Aggie—"You loathe him now?"

Elsie—"No; before firing he paid me a beautiful compliment."

Aggie—"A compliment?"

Elsie—"He said—'Elsie, you are too pretty to live.'"

Aggie—"Oh, the sweet darling!"—*Time.*

Father (reading)—"And as Shakspere so beautifully expresses it, 'use strengthens habit.'"

Daughter—"I don't think that altogether right, papa."

Father—"Why not, my dear; how is it wrong?"

Daughter—"Why, goodness knows my aiding habit has had 'use' enough, and instead of being strengthened by it, it is nearly worn out."—*Fun.*

Spotlets on the (N. Y.) Sun.

"Anson," said Williamson, as he followed the old man at the bat and died on pitched balls, "I have no hard feelings against you, but you and I are out!"

It was in the next inning that New York made nine runs.

"Oh, my precious," cooed Younghusband, "if I should be taken away from you would you ever marry again?"

"That depends, dear," she replied, "on how young a widow you left me."

"Have you seen Hading?"

"I have. She is great. She is divine. She is a poem."

"Indeed? Rondeau, Triolet, Villanelle, or what?"

"What do you mean?"

"If she is a poem she must be a French poem."

"May I call on you occasionally, Miss DeLancy?" said Bonjes after the dance. "We seem already as old friends. Have I not seen you somewhere before?"

"Yes," was the cutting reply," you saw me hanging on the car strap one day last week while you were sitting down."

"Just as I thought," said old Brown. "I had a very important engagement this morning and you let the clock run down."

"Forgive me, dear," returned his better half. "Women are so forgetful, you know."

"Yes, you needn't tell me that."

"Give me the key, my dear," she said.

"You're a bigger fool than I took you for," growled the man. "Didn't I tell you I lost it last night."

A Little Rumpus in the Senate.

A distinguished United States Senator rises and addresses the presiding officer:

"I wish to give notice, Mr. President, that I am about to violate the rules of this honorable body by using unparliamentary language, but that I will then withdraw the language and apologize for having used it."

The Chair—The gentleman will proceed.

Distinguished Senator—I merely wish to say that the gentlemen on the other side of the chamber are mostly horse-thieves and bunco-steerers.

The Chair—It is understood that the gentleman withdraws the offensive remarks, and that by common consent they will be omitted from the *Record*. The gentleman who has just flung a cuspidor at the gentleman who has the floor, of course, apologizes for the unparliamentary act.

Second Distinguished Senator—Most assuredly I do, Mr. President.

The Chair—Very well. The cuspidor will be omitted from the *Record*. Proceed with the debate.—*Chicago News.*

Melville's New Gown.

"How does it fit?" asked the new chief justice, coming in dressed in his new robe.

"It's just lovely!" exclaimed the associate justices in a breath.

"But isn't there too much fullness behind?"

"Oh, no; not a bit," replied one, with emphasis.

"I think it's just right," said another.

"The chief justice turned himself around before the mirror two or three times, but as there was no dissenting opinion, the clouds which had darkened his brow were gradually dispelled, and he went out stroking his moustache tenderly, the rustling of his garment constituting a grand obligato to the rhythmic throbbings of his happy heart."

She Will Beat the Record.

There is at Bar Harbor a school-marm who is determined to keep her pupils well abreast of their own times. Every morning she has them post a bulletin made up from headlines in the papers of the day, and then reads aloud to them selected articles upon the topics in which she thinks they should take most interest. It is needless to add, she has a remarkably lively and wide-awake set of youngsters about her, and that in this particular, if no other, her school is a glittering success.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal*

Devout With Discretion.

A Methodist minister in Illinois who voted four years ago for St. John has returned to the Republican fold. Some of the Prohibitionists asked him that stock poser of the party: "Don't you intend to vote as you pray?" His answer was: "Yes, I shall vote as I pray; but I don't intend to do any foolish praying this year."

They Got There Just the Same.

Woman (who has kindly given a tramp a bed to sleep on over night)—Did ye sleep pretty well last night, my poor man?

Tramp—Ye-es, pretty well, but I was bothered some.—*Puck.*

LOVE'S LONGING.

Love, thou art high and far;
Nor can I hope to reach thee though I
strive
And labor all the days I have to live;
Remote and fair within the heavenly bar,
Thou hangest, like a star.

Yet, when our souls are free,
Wilt thou bend down on me thy luminous
smile,—
That golden look that angels might be-
guile,—
And reach down strong and helpful hands to
me,
The while I climb to thee?
Mary Farley Sanborn, in the Traveller.

Seen These Before?

"Well, what you wearin' glasses fur, Mr. Johnsing?" Mr. Johnsing—"Fur my eyes, nigger; did you 'spose I wuz wearin' 'em fur de colic?"—*Optician.*

Lady—"Hammocks, please." Dealer—"Yes'm; something strong enough for two." Lady—"No; strong enough for one. I've been married three months."—*Life.*

"You must have said something awfully funny to Miss Snyder over in the corner, because I heard her laughing so." "I didn't think it funny," retorted Bjones. "I asked her to marry me."—*New York Sun.*

Traveled Dame—"Oh, I can rest as well when traveling as when at home." Do you like to sleep on the rail?" Mr. De You like to sleep on the rail?" Mr. Do-bubbless it is part of the fiendish disposition which hath descended from your ancestors, those infernal huntsmen, as you have described them, to love falsehood rather than truth; and I no longer marvel that your spirits become high and exalted, and vent themselves in verse and in tunes, when you approach to the places encumbered by the haunting of evil spirits, which must excite in you that joyous feeling which others experience when approaching the land of their human ancestry."

"By my father's beard, I think thou hast the right," said the Saracen, rather amused than offended by the freedom with which the Christian had uttered his reflections; "for, though the Prophet (blessed be his name!) hath sown amongst us the seed of a better faith than our ancesters learned in the ghostly halls of Tugrut, yet we are not willing, like other Moslemah, to pass hasty doom on the lofty and powerful elementary spirits from whom we claim our origin. These Genii, according to our belief and hope, are not altogether reprobate, but are still in the way of probation, and may hereafter be punished or rewarded. Leave we this to the mollahs and the imaums. Enough that with us the reverence for these spirits is not altogether effaced by what we have learned from the Koran, and that many of us still cherish the memorial of our fathers' more ancient faith, such verses as these."

So saying, he proceeded to chant verses, very ancient in the language and structure, which some have thought derive their source from the worshippers of Arimanes, the Persian principle. These verses may perhaps have been the not unnatural effusions of some half-enlightened philosopher, who, in the fabled deity, Arimanes, saw but the prevalence of moral and physical evil: but in the ears of Sir Kenneth of the Leopard, they had a different effect, and sung as they were by one who had just boasted himself a descendant of demons, sounded like an address of worship to the Arch-fiend himself. He weighed within himself, whether, on hearing such blasphemy in the very desert where Satan had stood rebuked for demanding homage, taking an abrupt leave of the Saracen was sufficient to testify his abhorrence; or whether he was not rather constrained by his vow as a Crusader, to defy the infidel to combat on the spot, and leave him food for the beasts of the wilderness, when his attention was suddenly caught by an unexpected apparition.

The light was now verging low, yet served the knight still to discern that they two were no longer alone in the forest, but were closely watched by a figure of great height and very thin, which skipped over rocks and bushes with so much agility, as, added to the wild and hirsute appearance of the individual, and reminded him of the fauns and silvans, whose images he had seen in the ancient temples of Rome. As the simple-hearted Scotsman had never for a moment doubted these gods of the ancient Gentiles to be actually devils, so he now hesitated not to believe that the blasphemous hymn of the Saracen had raised up an infernal spirit.

"But what recks it!" said stout Sir Kenneth to himself; "down with the fiend and his worshippers!"

He did not, however, think it necessary to give the same warning of defiance to two enemies, as he would unquestionably have afforded to one. His hand was upon his mace, and perhaps the unwary Saracen would have been paid for his Persian poetry by having his brains dashed out on the spot, without any reason assigned for it; but the Scottish knight was spared from committing what would have been a sore blot in his shield of arms.

The apparition, on which his eyes had been fixed for some time, had at first appeared to dog their path by concealing itself behind rocks and shrubs, using those advantages of the ground with great address, and surmounting its irregularities with surprising agility.

At length, just as the Saracen paused in his song, the figure, which was that of a tall man clothed in goat-skins, sprung into the midst of the path, and seized a rein of the Saracen's bridle in either hand, compelling thus and bearing back the noble horse, which, unabled to endure the manner in which this sudden assailant pressed the long-armed bit, and the severe curb, which, according to the Eastern fashion, was a solid ring of iron, reared upright, and finally fell backward on his master, who, however, avoided the peril of the fall, by lightly throwing himself to one side.

The assailant then shifted his grasp from the bridle of the horse to the throat of the rider, flung himself above the struggling Saracen, and, despite of his youth and activity, kept him undermost, wreathing his long arms above those of his prisoner, who called out angrily, and yet, half-laughing at the same time—"Hamako—foul—loose me—this passes thy privilege—unloose me, or I will use my dagger."

"Thy dagger!—infidel dog!" said the figure in the goat-skins; "hold it in thy grip if thou canst!" and in an instant he wrenched the Saracen's weapon out of its owner's hand, and brandished it over his head.

"Help, Nazarene!" cried Sheerkohf, now seriously alarmed; "help, or the Hamako will slay me."

"Slay thee!" replied the dweller of the desert; "and well hast thou merited death, for singing thy blasphemous hymns, not only to the praise of thy false prophets, who is the foul fiend's harbinger, but to the Author of Evil himself."

The Christian Knight had hitherto looked on as one stupified, so strangely had this rencontre contradicted, in its progress and event, all that he had previously conjectured. He felt, however, at length, that it touched his honor to interfere in behalf of his discomfited companion; and therefore addressed himself to the victorious figure in the goat-skins.

"Whoever thou art," he said, "and whether of good or of evil, know that I am sworn for the time to be true companion to the Saracen whom thou holdest under thee; therefore, I pray thee to let him arise, else I will do battle with thee in his behalf."

"And a proper quarrel it were," answered the Hamako, "for a Crusader to do battle in—for the sake of an unbaptized dog to combat one of his own holy faith! Art thou come forth to the wilderness to fight for the Crescent against the Cross? A goodly soldier of God art thou to listen to those who sing the praises of Satan!"

Yet while he spoke thus, he arose himself, and, suffering the Saracen to arise also, returned him his cangiar, or polniard.

"Thou seest to what a point of peril thy presumption hath brought thee," continued he of the goat-skins, now addressing Sheerkohf, "and by what weak means thy practiced skill and boasted agility can be foiled, when such is Heaven's pleasure. Wherefore, beware O Ilderim! for know that, were there not a twinkle in the star of thy nativity, which promises for thee something that is good and gracious in Heaven's good time, we two had not parted till I had torn asunder the throat which had so lately thrilled forth blasphemies."

"Hamako," said the Saracen, without any appearance of resenting the violent language, and yet more violent assault, to which he had been subjected, "I pray thee, good Hamako, to beware how thou dost again urge thy privilege over far; forthough, as a good Moslem, I respect those whom Heaven hath deprived of ordinary reason, in order to endow them with the spirit of prophecy, yet I like not other than fair play, and will not endure to be made the bridle of my horse, neither upon my own person. Speak, therefore, what thou wilt, secure of any resentment from me; but gather so much sense as to apprehend, that if thou shalt again proffer me any violence, I will strike thy shagged head from thy meagre shoulders.—And to thee, friend Kenneth," he added, as he remounted his steed, "I must needs say, that, in a companion through the desert, I love friendly deeds better than fair words. Of the last thou hast given me enough; but it had been better to have aided me more speedily in my struggle with this Hamako, who had well-nigh taken my life in his frenzy."

"By my faith," said the Knight, "I did somewhat fail—was somewhat tardy in rendering thee instant help; but the strangeness of the assailant, the suddenness of the scene—it was as if thy wild and wicked lay had raised the devil among us—and such was my confusion, that two or three minutes elapsed ere I could take to my weapon."

"Then thou art but a cold and considerate friend," said the Saracen; "and, had the Hamako been one grain more frantic, thy companion had been slain by thy side, to thy eternal dishonor, without thy stirring a finger in his aid although thou satest by, mounted and in arms."

"By my word, Saracen," said the Christian, "if thou wilt have it in plain terms, I thought that strange figure was the devil; and being of thy lineage, I knew not what family secret you might be communicating to each other, as you lay lovingly rolling together on the sand."

"Thy gibe is no answer, brother Kenneth," said the Saracen; "for know, that had my assailant been in very deed the Great Prince of Darkness, thou wert bound not the less to enter into combat with him in thy comrade's behalf. Know, also, that whatever there may be of foul or of fiendish about the Hamako, belongs more to your lineage than mine; this Hamako being, in truth, the anchorite whom thou art come hither to visit."

"This!" said Sir Kenneth, looking at the athletic yet wasted figure before him—"this!—thou mockest, Saracen—this cannot be the venerable Theodorick!"

"Ask himself, if thou wilt not believe me," answered Sheerkohf; and ere the words had left his mouth, the hermit gave evidence in his own behalf.

"I am Theodorick of Engadli," he said—"I am the walker of the desert—I am friend of the cross, and flail of all infidels, heretics, and devil-worshippers. Avoid ye, avoid ye,!—Down with Mahound, Termagaunt, and all their adherents!"—So saying, he pulled from under his shaggy garment a sort of flail, or jointed club, bound with iron, which he brandished round his head with singular dexterity.

"Thou see'st thy saint," said the Saracen, laughing, for the first time, at the unmitigated astonishment with which Sir Kenneth looked on the wild gestures, and heard the wayward muttering of Theodorick, who, after swinging his flail in every direction, apparently quite reckless whether it encountered the head of either of his companions, finally showed his own strength and the soundness of the weapon, by striking into fragments a large stone which lay near him.

"This is a madman," said Sir Kenneth.

"Not the worst saint," returned the Moslem, speaking according to the well-known Eastern belief, that madmen are under the influence of immediate inspiration. "Know, Christian, that when one eye is extinguished, the other becomes more keen—when one hand is cut off, the other becomes more powerful; so, when our reason in human things is disturbed or destroyed, our view heavenward becomes more acute and perfect."

Here the voice of the Saracen was drowned in that of the hermit, who began to hollo aloud in a wild chanting tone,—"I am Theodorick of Engadli—I am the torch-brand of the desert—I am the flail of the infidels! The lion and the leopard shall be my comrades, and draw nigh to my cell for shelter; neither shall the goat be afraid of my fangs—I am the torch and the lantern—Kyrie Eleison!"

He closed his song by a short race, and ended that again by three forward bounds, which would have done him great credit in a gymnastic academy, but became his character of hermit so indifferently, that the Scottish knight was altogether confounded and bewildered.

The Saracen seemed to understand him better. "You see," he said, "that he expects us to follow him to his cell, which, indeed, is our only place of refuge for the night. You are the leopard, from the portraits on your shield—I am the lion, as my name imports—and, by the good, abiding to his garb, goat-skins means himself. We must keep him in sight, however, for he is as fleet as a dromedary."

In fact, the task was a difficult one, for though the reverend guide stopped from time to time, and waved his hand, as if to encourage them to come on, yet, well acquainted with all the winding dells and passes of the desert, and gifted with uncommon activity, which, perhaps, an unsettled state of mind kept in constant exercise, he led the knights through chasms, and along footpaths, where even the light-armed Saracen, with his well-trained barb, was in considerable risk, and where the iron sheathed European, and his overburdened horse, found themselves in such imminent peril, as the rider would gladly have exchanged for the dangers of a general action. Glad he was when at length, after this wild race, he beheld the holy man who had led it standing in front of a cavern, with a large torch in his hand, composed of a piece of wood dipped in bitumen, which cast a broad and flickering light, and emitted a strong sulphurous smell.

Undeterred by the stifling vapor, the knight threw himself from his horse and entered the cavern, which afforded small appearance of accommodation. The cell was divided into two parts, in the outward of which were an altar of stone, and a crucifix made of reeds. This served the anchorite for his chapel. On one side of this outward cave the Christian knight, though not without scruple, arising from religious reverence to the objects around, fastened up his horse, and arranged him for the night, in imitation of the Saracen, who gave him to understand that such was the custom of the place. The hermit, meanwhile, was busied putting his inner apartment in order to receive his guests, and there they soon joined him.

At the bottom of the outer cave, a small aperture closed with a door of rough plank led into the sleeping apartment of the hermit, which was more commodious. The floor had been brought to a rough level by the labor of the inhabitant, and then strewed with white sand, which he daily sprinkled with water from a small fountain which bubbled out of the rock in one corner, affording in that stifling climate, refreshment alike to the ear and the taste. Mattresses, wrought of twisted flags, lay by the side of the cell; the sides, like the floor, had been roughly brought to shape, and several herbs and flowers were hung around them. Two waxen torches, which the hermit lighted, gave a cheerful air to the place, which was rendered agreeable by its fragrance and coolness.

There were implements of labor in one corner of the apartment, in another was a niche for a rude statue of the Virgin. A table and two chairs showed that they must be the handiwork of the anchorite, being different in their form from Oriental accommodations. The former was covered, not only with reeds and pulse, but also with dried flesh, which Theodorick assiduously placed in such arrangement as should invite the appetite of his guests. This appearance of courtesy, though mute, and expressed by gesture only, seemed to say to Sir Kenneth something irreconcilable with his former wild and violent demeanor.

The movements of the hermit were now become composed, and apparently it was only a sense of religious humiliation which prevented his features, emaciated as they were by his austere mode of life, from being majestic and noble. He trod his cell, as one seemed born to rule over men, but who had abdicated his empire to become the servant of Heaven. Still, it must be allowed that his gigantic size, the length of his unshaven

Recent Literature.

LITERATURE OF ALL KINDS.

The Loyal Mountaineers of Tennessee—Good Company Series—Letters to a King—Alden's Cyclopedia—Amos Kilbright—Two Little Confederates—A Modern Adam and Eve—New Magazines.

"The Loyal Mountaineers of Tennessee," by Thomas W. Humes, is a handsome volume of 400 pages purporting to be an authentic history of the part taken by the people of East Tennessee during the Civil War. It is divided into three general parts: The first gives a brief description of its early settlement and the struggles of the people. The second is an historical account which, it is claimed, is impartial, of the peculiar political and military situation of East Tennessee immediately before and during the secession of some of the states; and this is followed by the recital of the political and military events that occurred afterwards. The author, a well known minister, and a thoroughly loyal man, was obliged by an accident to remain in Knoxville long after other Union men had been obliged to depart, and was, therefore, an eye witness of many of the scenes which he has so well described. The volume cannot fail to be read with the greatest interest, for aside from the fact that it is extremely well written, the phenomenal position that this portion of the country occupied during the war must always render it an object of attention. The book is embellished with the portraits of a number of the distinguished men of these times. Published by Ogden Brothers, Knoxville, Tenn.

"Some Successful Women," by Sarah K. Bolton, with portraits, is published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. This is a neat volume, containing a dozen brief biographies of American women who have in various walks and professions earned success so marked as to make their names familiar to every household in the country, and who have done much to inspire others of their sex to follow in their footsteps. Among them are Marion Harland (Mrs. Terhune); Mrs. G. R. Alden (Pansy); Clara Barton, the philanthropist; Alice Freeman, the former president of Wellesley college; Rachel Bodley, dean of the Woman's Medical college, Philadelphia; Frances E. Willard, whose labors in behalf of temperance has given her a place among the foremost of American women, with portraits. Mrs. Bolton never fails to both interest and instruct her readers.

"Rome or Reason; a Memoir of Christian and Extra-Christian Experience," by Nathaniel Ramsay Waters. Published by Chas. P. Somerby, New York. This book comprises a very critical analysis of both Protestantism and Catholicism, from the vantage ground of an intimate personal experience with the two systems. The writer, it appears, is determined to nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice. His examination of what he considers the principal points new to some Protestants, as will his philosophy of Catholicism to many Catholics. Besides the very interesting Memoir which is the main part of the book, it contains notes, parts of correspondence, and an essay or two; all partaking of the analytical and deeply earnest spirit which appears in it from the first. The plan of the work is strikingly original. Its purport is set forth in the tersest and clearest language, and the manifest sincerity with which the whole is written will commend it to readers of many various shades of opinion, though they may not in the least agree with his conclusions.

Under the title of "Good Company" Lee and Shepard, Boston, and Charles L. Dillingham, of New York, have commenced the issue of a series of excellent books, in uniform binding, at a very low price. The volumes received are "Fireside Saints," Mr. Candle's breakfast talk, by Douglas Jerrold. Those who have read these pungent papers, written long ago, will be amused and interested in a re-perusal. The second volume is "Wishing-cap Papers," by Leigh Hunt. This is the first time these papers have been collected in a volume. They are full of Mr. Hunt's best vein, and abound in rich humor and fine descriptions, and good-natured speculations. The third volume is "Religious Duty," by Francis Power Cobbe. The author takes up first religious offenses, such as blasphemy, apostacy, hypocrisy, perjury, persecution, atheism, pantheism, idolatry, etc. Then follows "Religious Faults," such as thanklessness, irreverence, prayerlessness, impenitence, scepticism and worldliness. The third classification is thanksgiving, adoration, prayer, repentance, faith and self-consecration. Another is "Broken Lights," by the same author. If other books in the series of "Good Company" are as good as these they will deserve a good company of readers. They are handsome library books.

"Letters to a King," by Albion W. Tourgee, is published by Cranston & Stowe, Cincinnati. The volume is made up of a series of letters which have grown to a volume, as he says, from a single "letter of congratulation addressed to the son of an old comrade on his 21st birthday." These letters were most of them published in various weekly journals, the *Advance*, and others, and attracted wide attention and comment. Gathered into the handsome little volume, and discussing, as they do, the duties of the citizen in a Republic, it can be marked at this time as "a timely book." Its appropriateness of title grows out of the fact that in our blessed land, over which floats the starry ensign of the Republic, the men who think and the men who read, the men in the counting room and work-shop and behind the plow, are the born kings. And the chapters of the volume, recognizing this grave responsibility, make an eloquent, earnest, impressive argument upon the necessity of a clear comprehension of a citizen king's duties. They abound in valuable facts practical to life and told in a most pleasing and impressive way. It is a good book to place in the hands of every young man and just as good for every young woman.

The ninth volume of Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia is at hand, beginning with Club-Rush and ending with Cosmogony. With each new volume one's surprise at the available knowledge contained in these handy and even elegant books is increased. There can be no doubt that the completed set will form one of the standard works of the generation. The small handy volumes are so much more convenient for consultation than the big unwieldy octavos or quartos of rival cyclopedias that one naturally refers to them much more often, and is gratified to find that except in rare cases the information afforded is fully as satisfactory as found in Appleton's, Johnson's, Chambers's, or the Britannica. The price is low beyond all precedent, placing it within popular reach—50 cents a volume for cloth binding, 65 cents for half morocco; postage 10c. A specimen volume may be ordered and returned if not wanted. John B. Alden, Publisher, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, and San Francisco.

"Amos Kilbright, His Adscititious Experiences with Other Stories," by Frank R. Stockton, presents the quaint humorist's views on spiritualistic seances. Adscititious, it appears, is an adjective relating to a desire to know too much. The volume also contains "The Reversible Landscape," "Dusky Philosophy—in Two Expositions" and "Plain Fishing." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The same publishers issue "Two Little Confederates," by Thomas Nelson Page, a beautiful book, which cannot help winning the favor of the boys. It relates, in the bright way peculiar to this author, the adventures of two boys living in Virginia whose sympathies were with the confederates because they lived among them and naturally believed them to be in the right. The volume is well illustrated and prettily bound, and will make a pretty holiday gift.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, are issuing an edition of the novels of Amanda M. Douglas, in a very neat poem. The first is "A Modern Adam and Eve in a Garden." It tells the story of the way two young people, a brother and a sister, without means, managed to get along together, make a living and be happy. It will be remembered as a very readable book.

The October number of the White Cross Library, published by F. J. Needham, 239 Broadway, New York City, has for its subject "The Uses of Sickness," and the editor, Mr. Prentice Mulford, says many most excellent and helpful things, just such as thought and acted upon will make life far brighter and happier. He inveighs against the perpetuation of customs, usages and habits that we know to be not only useless, but resulting in injury and inconvenience, frequently in extreme suffering. There is also a short, pithy article upon "Museum and Me—Nagerie Horrors," which tells plain truths about those places of resort.

Literary Notes.

A qantity of letters written by Dante Roussett to Hall Caine will soon be published in England.

A portrait of Mrs. Ward, the author of "Robert Elsmere," will appear in the November number of the *Book Buyer*.

Miss Katherine Tynan will contribute to the November number *Catholic World* a sympathetic study of William O'Brien, M. P.

James Whitcomb Riley's poems are to be printed in London under the title of "Old Fashioned Roses."

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will publish a dictionary of terms in art. Elaborately illustrated.

In the *Popular Science Monthly* for November, the question of how long man has lived in America will be discussed in an article on "Paleolic Man in America," by W. J. McGee.

An illustrated holiday edition of the Rev. Edward Everett Hale's story, "The Man Without a Country," will be brought out by Roberts Brothers.

Mr. John Morley's "English Men of Letters" series, which hitherto have been issued in 36 volumes, has now been compressed into a neat "People's Edition" of twelve volumes, in handsome cloth binding.

A volume of "Dreams and Dream Stories," by the late Anna Kingsford, is announced. Those who were enthusiastic over Mrs. Kingsford's strange book, "The Perfect Way," will look with curiosity for this new volume.

The preface witten by Charles Francis Adams to "Shoshone and Other Western Wonders" is a delightful introduction to Mr. Edwards Roberts's accounts of sights and scenery worth seeing in the far West. The volume will be issued by Harper & Brothers.

Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote begins her series of "Pictures of the Far West" with a full-page design in the November *Century*, entitled "Looking for a Camp." Miss Thomas has written a poem to accompany the picture.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's new book, "On Horseback, and Mexican Notes," is on the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It relates his amusing experiences and summarizes his observations in Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee; and in Mexico and California.

Murat Halstead was present as a correspondent at the battle of Gravelotte. In the November *Century* he will tell the story of the battle as he saw it, and give an account also of a subsequent visit to the battle field, after the monuments had been erected.

Louise Manning Hodgkins, professor of English literature at Wellesley College, has issued, through D. C. Heath & Co., a series of leaflets for the guidance of students of English literature of the fifteenth century. The work has already been tested in the class-room, and very successfully.

Robert Louis Stevenson begins his new novel, "The Master of Ballantrae," in the November *Scribner's*, and there will be, besides, an article on Matthew Arnold by Augustine Birrell, one by Gen. Greely, of the Signal Service, on Winter resorts, and Gen. Philip Sheridan's article on the Franco-German war.

Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie, that prolific and agreeable writer of children's stories, issued another volume through Harper & Brothers on October 19. "The Household of Gen Holly" is the title, and in it is exploited the life of a motherless family in New England, at school and at home, under the fostering care of an older sister.

Among the novels of the week are "That Girl from Texas," by Jeanette H. Walworth, a somewhat lurid fiction bearing a photograph of Estelle Clayton as a frontispiece, and "The Kisses of Fate" by Edward Heron-Allen, a trio of shilling thrillers bound up in one volume. They are both printed by Belford, Clarke & Co. in neat paper covers. Belford also issues "The Tariff in a Nutshell," by D. Webster Groth.

The handsomest edition of "Goldsmith's Poetical Works" that has yet appeared is one announced by White & Allen, edited by Bolton Corney. A large paper copy, limited to 100 copies signed and numbered, and a small paper copy, limited to 250, may be had. The illustrations, some forty in number, were furnished by the London Etching club and are engraved on wood; proofs of these are printed on Japan paper and pasted in the text. The book is a quarto, beautifully printed, at the press of Ballantyne, Hanson & Co., of Edinburgh, on hand-made paper, and is a gem in its way.

THE SULTAN'S NEW DOG-CART.

It is a Novel Vehicle and Will be Propelled by Electricity.

The Sultan of Turkey has had an electric dog-cart made for him. The cart was built by Messrs. Immisch & Co., at a cost of $1,000. It is similar in appearance to an ordinary four-wheeled dog-cart, but, of course, has no shafts, the fore carriage being modified to carry a toothed rack, which engages with a pinion attached to a shaft passing upward through the footboard and terminating in a handle, by means of which the carriage can be guided with the greatest facility. The carriage is provided with an ordinary foot-brake. It is constructed of walnut and light wood, brightly varnished; the cushions of crown cloth are embroidered with the Turkish imperial crest. The power is stored in twenty-four small accumulators of special type, which contain a charge sufficient to propel the vehicle for about five hours at a speed of ten miles.

The motor is Messrs. Immisch & Co.'s one horse-power type, using in this case a current of 20 amperes with an electro-motive force of 48 volts. When the vehicle is running at a speed of ten miles an hour the motor makes 1,440 revolutions per minute and develops ¾ horse-power. The weight of the accumulators is about seven hundred weight, and the weight of the carriage complete eleven hundred-weight.

On an ordinary road the amount of work required, of course, varies with the up-hill or down-hill gradient, and the total amount of work done is thus, on an average, about the same as on level road. The current required to start is about 25 amperes and for every heavy gradient as much as 45 or 50 amperes could be taken for a few minutes without harm. The motor has been tested up to 90 amperes.

The dog-cart carries four persons; it is started, stopped and guided without any difficulty by means of a switch with three resistances, and a steering gear fitted to the fore carriage, with a handle for the driver. Messrs. Immisch may be complimented on have produced a real serviceable electric carriage, not merely a king's toy, and we shall expect to see very important developments in commercial usefulness result from their continued work upon the Sultan's electric dog-cart.—*Electrical Review.*

Amateur Reform.

Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, is not much of a "reformer" himself, but he did attempt once to bring an erring brother back to a sense of shame and repentence. And this was the result, as told by Allen to a group of his colleagues on the floor of the House the other day.

"Jenks, you have been drinking again," Allen said sternly to the offender, a neighbor of his.

"I know it," replied Jenks, meekly.

"Didn't you tell me you would swear off forever on the first of the month?" asked Allen.

"Yes, I did; and I meant to do it, sure."

"Then why didn't you do it?"

"Well, you see, Allen, I—I—I was out of town that day."

Sheep in Free Trade England.

Berkshire County Eagle.

The free traders never tire of telling how the number of sheep have decreased in Vermont and other states under protection. The agricultural returns just issued in England show that on June 4, 1888, the number of sheep in Great Britain have decreased 420,000 in a single year. This is a nice showing for a free trade country, isn't it?

Favorite Democratic Ammunition.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Indiana is full of atrocious circulars prepared and circulated in the interest of the Democratic party only, though they purport to be by prohibitionists. New York and New Jersey are also worked with the utmost energy by the third party people.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

CUTTING THE PROFITS.

THIS IS WHAT THE TARIFF DOES,

In Cutting Down the Middle-Men's Margin—Mr. Maher Writes From His Own Experience.

One of the arguments that I hear often now-a-days is, that merchants are protectionists simply for greed; as there is more money made on American goods. Let me show consumers the absurdity of this claim, by recalling to their memory well known points in the cost of common goods.

First I lay down this broad claim: the nearer the factory is built to the consumer the smaller are the profits of the middlemen—both jobbers, wholesalers and retailers. Now let me prove it.

When a factory is built in this country the proprietors hope to sell their product entirely to the wholesale trade. They want as few accounts as possible; they want to sell in large lots, and they desire to keep down the cost of marketing the goods to the lowest possible figure. When their salesman starts out, if the article is one already in use, he runs against the stocks of foreign goods in jobbers' hands. This man has just bought and needs nothing; the next has no good opinion of any new brand; the third is afraid he will lose trade, and the fourth gives him a small order. It is this way throughout his trip, but eventually he makes his arrangements to dispose of his product.

The second factory is built. The second salesman goes out after orders. He finds it hard to displace the first man's goods among the jobbers, and he turns his attention to the larger retailers. He may not sell them as low as he does his jobbing trade, but the additional profit is not large and serves to cut down the jobbers' prices to retailers. By and by, as the factories are known, their prices become known to the retail trade; the jobber is given a margin, but he parts with some of this to keep the retailer's orders, and eventually the goods are handled at a very small profit, compared to old prices.

But in the immediate vicinity of the factory the retailer buys direct at the works, and the day comes when he can buy as close as any far away jobber buys for. Let us see if these points are not fully sustained by experience. Builders of 30 years' experience know that so long ago as that the door locks used in this section were largely of foreign manufacture. Factories started in Connecticut turning out handsomer and better goods; locks became cheaper; factories started in New Jersey; locks grew still cheaper; lock factories were built in Pittsburg, and prices grew still lower. But awhile ago I was talking to a builder in Connecticut about his supplies.

"Where do you buy your locks?" I asked him.

"In New Britain, from the Corbin factory."

"Do you go there for goods?" "No, they have a man come through here with samples." I was curious to see the prices he paid, and when he named them I found the consumer in Connecticut was buying as low as the dealer in Ohio. I said to him he was lucky to live so near the factory.

Sitting in a New England drug store I noticed pocket cutlery in the show case. "Whose goods do you handle?" I asked the proprietor. He named a factory in Meriden. "Do they come around here, and among you?" "Oh, yes; regularly every 60 days." But the same factory, when it goes out of New England, goes only to the wholesale trade.

An axe factory started in Cleveland about 1867, and I then found it harder to sell axes east of Toledo. The retailer did not see the need of trying in large quantities, with a factory so near, and he had to pay the same price he preferred to buy at headquarters. But as a matter of fact, the Ohio factory compelled us to cut down our profits, and saved 50 cents a dozen at least to every retailer of axes.

The Indianapolis saw factory for awhile was determined to uphold the jobbers, but the day came when they were glad to get orders from any source, and when we went to Indiana to sell cross cut saws we found we had the home factory to compete with, and down came the profits at once.

Those here who handled seine twine made a good profit on it until it was made in Cincinnati, then the profit dwindled, for the factory was too handy for the retailer and consumer.

We sold a churn made in Philadelphia before we had the Union Manufacturing company making churns here, and we made better profit then by ten per cent.

When we handled English log chain there was a good margin in it; when the factory in Akron, O., was making chains our profits dwindled away, as did our sales; so many retailers and lumbermen bought direct from the factory.

The establishment of a file factory in Saginaw made such inroads upon the business of Rhode Island factories that prices were cut ten per cent to hold trade. To-day every mill in Michigan is saving 15 to 25 cents on every dozen of files it uses, because of the home factory.

I heard a glass dealer in Toledo say he wanted no factories built here, because builders would go to the factory warerooms for their supplies instead of coming to him. I knew that the chances were exactly as he said. However much the manufacturers may start out by proposing to sell to jobbers only, they soon wink at the order from the retailer. And when a consumer comes along who wants full packages, I have yet to see the factory where they were turned away. But factories can do this only in a limited territory; out of that limit they must seek the regular dealer.

In New England to-day the wholesale dealer in American goods is disappearing. The factories there are only too glad to sell the retailer direct. The day will come when this will be the case all over the land, unless free trade shall shut up American shops and lead us back where we were 30 years ago.

Now if it is true that the nearer the factory is to the consumer the cheaper does he buy its goods, how is it with increasing men's incomes? Suppose you go to Genoa and put up a new shop requiring 50 men. Will wages in Genoa, in other shops, be stiffened or weakened by this new demand for men? The Libby glass company that has just started will employ, if it does not already, a good many girls to do light work; does this demand weaken the wages of all other girls in the city, or does it, by employing this many more than have been employed, tend to strengthen the wages of all girls who are in competition for their places removed? Of course it needs no words to prove it. Every new factory strengthens wages in its vicinity.

But how about the farmer? Yes, where is his share, aside from the benefit he gets as a consumer? Which farmer receives the most for his wheat, think you; the one who backs up to the door of Taylor's mill, and is paid to-day's market price, or the man who sells in Kansas, to a grain buyer, who will ship to Toledo to be sold to the miller? A New England farmer can make a good living from 20 acres. Why? Because he can deal with the consumer, getting full retail prices for everything he has to sell. And when the western farmer can sell to western mechanics he will fare as well.

If there is any one class of people that protection does protect it is the farmer; for every factory built draws to it customers of his who, but for the factory, would have been competitors. That policy which shall cause shops to grow along every brook, which shall put good wages into the pocket of the workmen, is the policy which shall clear the mortgages off farms, and change western farmers from hangers-on of a London grain ring, into men of independent business, with a better market to supply at their own doors.

WM. H. MAHER.

An Invincible Duet.

Sometimes, and with some natures, all that seems to be needed, is confidence and a physician, a sensitive imagination properly guided is the remedy.

But in desperate matters confidence and a good remedy make an invincible duet at whose assault disease promptly yields.

Here is what the voice of experience has to say of it:

BUNKER HILL, March 14, 1888,

"I feel that I cannot say too much in praise of Compound Oxygen Treatment. The first time I wrote you I was a complete physical wreck; *my nerves* so exhausted that it was with difficulty that I moved about the house. Last Thursday I walked a mile and a half in the country to visit a friend, and could have walked as far again, I think, without being tired. If my name and experience is of any use to you, you are at liberty to use them at any time.

Mrs. FLORENCE BLUE."

We publish a brochure of 200 pages, regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis, dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent free of charge, to any one addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa.; or 331 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Works Both Ways.

Fred—You are simply perfect, Annie.

Annie—And you—you are perfectly simple.—*New Haven News.*

WHERE LOG CABINS FLOURISH.

A party of American gentlemen, who had been camping out on an island in the great Lake Nipissing, Canada, last summer, were returning in a sail-boat, and were yet seven miles from port when the sun went down, and with it the sailing breeze.

A discouraging situation, truly.

"Never mind, I can row you there inside of two hours," said the guide who had charge of the party, as their murmurs arose.

"Why, man, it is seven miles, there are four of us in this heavy boat—it's a big job you undertake," said one.

"No matter, I have done the likes before and can do it again," cheerfully replied the broad-shouldered Irishman, as he stowed away the sail and bent to the oars. He was a splendid oarsman, and the boat was soon under headway again.

"What would I not give to enjoy your health and strength," remarked the Professor.

"Yes, I am pretty healthy, and though I am past sixty I feel as strong as ever," replied the guide. "But only three years ago I stood at death's door, and never thought to pull an oar again. You see I was in the woods all winter, logging, and I got into the water one day and caught cold. It settled on my lungs and I had a bad cough which hung on till I ran down almost to a skeleton."

"Call in a physician?"

"Yes, I went twenty miles through the bush to see a doctor; he gave me some medicine, but it didn't help me much."

"How was the cure effected?"

"An old Scotch lady, who had come over from the States, gave me a preparation of balsams and herbs, which she said the early settlers in America used, and it soon stopped my cough and put me on my feet again."

One has but to travel along the frontier to learn how easy it is to get along without doctors, and how effective are the natural remedies which the old grandmothers know how to prepare. They often cure where the best physicians fail.

Every mother of a family knows how coughs and colds are quickly and radically cured with syrups and teas made from balsams and herbs which "grandmother taught us how to make."

Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy was, after long investigation into the merits and comparison with other old time preparations, selected from them because proved to be the very best of them all. It has brought back the roses to many a pallid cheek—there is no known remedy its equal as a cure for coughs and colds.

MEN ABOUT TO PROPOSE.

Advised How to Do It Successfully by a Western Writer.

Advice to men about to propose, is the subject of an article in the San Francisco *Examiner*. Women will be amused at the advice the writer gives in regard to digressions. He says: "Nothing is more deplorable than an interval in a proposal. The matter should be gone through with speedily, once your attack begins. It is an attack, always. No matter how ready hearted Angela may be, there is a little perfunctory hesitancy, only natural to her modesty, and you must not give her the opportunity to turn the current of her wooing. Do not stop to tell her that you only take three glasses of claret with your dinner, or that you don't owe a dollar in the world.

"Information of this sort you should convey to her long before you ask the momentous question; it is relevant, no doubt, but it comes in superfluously, and, as yet it is prosaic and out of keeping just at the moment of crisis. The more nakedly you confine yourself to declaring your love and asking her hand the better. Bear in mind always that a proposal partakes of the nature of an onslaught; that no woman love may be she has still a maidenly sense of preservation, and will seize the opportunity of her attack to avoidance, but bind her most strenuously to the issue. Give her but the slightest pretext for branching off upon a side issue of controversy and you will never pin her to the point."

The writer concludes with a warning against elaborations: "Under the head of elaborations, I include exaggerations, affectations and false pretenses of all sorts, objecting to them not upon the ground of their vitiating dishonesty, for Feuertain a certain regard for the immoral maxim that all is fair in love and war, but upon the score of inexpediency. At all times a woman's perception of deceit is keener than a man's, and it is peculiarly so when the matter under consideration concerns her affections. As is the charity, not the blindness, of women with whom them tolerant of a want of charity in men they love. You cannot cozen Angela, and it is distinctly indiscreet to make the attempt." Do not try to make her believe that you are a better fellow than you are.

"If she gives you her heart it is not because you are the noblest of men. If we were loved for our deserts only we should all die unchelors; it is in spite of your defects that she loves you, and it would do you no good to trick her if you could. Tell her honestly that you are but an indifferent honest fellow, nor more than passibly clever, not too well furnished in worldly gear; say this by way of preface, leaving her no opportunity for other interruption than a formal protest at your self depreciation, and then ask her, my merry man. Tell her that you love her, and have no fear of pitching your song too high on this point; swear you love the street she lives upon, and if you do not you are no true lover."

HER LOVER NEVER RETURNED.

We rambled through the meadows green,
Like children at their play,
He told me of the wonders seen
In distant lands away;
I prized the more as longer grew
The stories he would tell—
I found him good, I proved him true—
How could I love too well?

"Tweet, sweet," from the apple tree,
A little bird sang to him and me.

We gathered flowers in the lane,
For 'twas the month of May,
And one year hence he'd come again—
"I would be our wedding day.
Oh! swiftly did the hours fly
And happy was my heart.
He told me: "After this good-bye
We nevermore shall part."

"Tweet, sweet," from shrub and tree,
The little birds sang for him and me.

The east wind rose, the sails were spread,
His ship moved out to sea;
My sailor boy climbed the mast-head
And threw a kiss to me.
"In twenty years ago since then,
And once again 'tis May;
The sun shines bright, the flowers bloom—
My tresses all are gray.

"Tweet, sweet," sing the birds in glee,
But never my love came back to me.
—*New Orleans Picayune.*

DOWN IN DIXIE.

Items of Interest Gleaned in the Southern States.

Tobacco grows wild about the camps of the Seminole Indians in the Florida Everglades.

Some Georgia farmers, rather than knuckle to the bagging trust are packing their cotton in common unbleached sheeting.

In the lower portions of South Carolina it is not an uncommon thing for white women, and even little girls of 10 to 12 years, to be seen doing manual labor in the fields.

A man named Sims, upon a little plantation near Morgansville, Ga., with one mule has this year made forty bales of cotton.

A Tennessee breeder of Hereins the other day sold two calves off his farm for $200, averaging less than a year old.

Alabama planters are paying as high as seventy-five cents per hundred weight to cotton pickers.

Calvin S. Brice's East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railway system is cutting down its force all along the line.

A forty acre basket willow farm in the vicinity of Macon, Ga., brings its owner an annual income of over $10,000.

North Carolina's tobacco crop is reported almost a failure.

Steamboating on the St. Johns river in Florida is a thing of the past.

North Carolina has a diamond mine located near Bridletown upon the farm of one J. C. Mills.

It is claimed that cigarmakers and tobacco strippers are never attacked by yellow fever or smallpox.

Since the Mexican Central railway came under control of Captain Raoul of Macon, Ga., there has been a steady tide of emigration from Georgia flowing toward the land of the Aztec.

Sumatra tobacco of superior quality is being successfully grown in Middle Florida.

Sailing on Tricycles.

A new idea in tricycling has been invented by an Englishman who has been traveling with his wife through France on a machine fitted with a bamboo mast on which a sail can be hoisted. The wind has sometimes kept him moving, even on upgrades, without using the pedals.

YOUR POCKET KNIFE,

IT IS NOW A YANKEE BLADE

And Not English, as Formerly—A Practical Lesson on Tariff Benefits.

Not long ago I spent an evening in a Chicago hotel with the head salesman of one of the largest flouring mills in the world. He traveled through all the Northern states, but spent more time in New England than in any other section. You may not be interested in flour, good reader; I was. There is no article of merchandise sold that I am not interested in, and I would rather talk to a keen commercial traveler than with any man I ever hope to meet. What such a man does not know of his own line of trade would make a very small book. And what he does know he knows thoroughly.

"Our trouble is," he said, "to sell our high grade flour. We have an export demand for low grade stuff so great that we do not have to seek it; it comes to us, but in getting out the cheap stuff for foreign consumption we pile up high grade flour; and when times are a little dull we have hard work to sell this as fast as we make it. We generally have one agent in a city, or large town, and go only to him there. Potter handles our flour in Toledo, and I call on him seldom, but I run up and down New England a good deal, for the mechanics of that section, in good times, want the best flour that can be made."

"Where do your poorest goods go?"

"To England."

"What price do you get?"

"Three dollars now."

"And your New England customers pay what?"

"Our $8 flour sells there altogether."

I was glad to hear this. If there is any class of people on God's green earth who deserve the best flour and meat that can be had, that class is the working people.

But how can they pay such prices in Connecticut, and yet live so poorly in England?

"I will tell you why," said a knife manufacturer, as he took a penknife out of his pocket. "The English workman on pocketknives is doing well when he makes $1 a day; our men average $2 per day."

There were no free traders in the crowd to draw a moral, but I began to wonder if the "tariff was a tax," as the Bowery parrot says it is, and I have been looking over my books, and thinking over our experiences in trade for 22 years, to discover if we are trying to get rich by taxing ourselves, as is so glibly put by the men who make maxims, to be repeated by the littler men who are teaching us business.

In 1866, not a pocket knife on our shelf was of American manufacture, and what was true of our stock was true, I am confident, of that of other wholesale houses in the West. Our sales were then, as now, mostly of a strong two-blade jack-knife, and the average price of such a knife was $8 per dozen. In looking over a sales book of that year, I find very few sold at $6, but a large percentage were as high as $12. The large share went at from $7 50 to $8 50.

In those days nearly all knives were of English manufacture, although German goods had begun to crowd John Bull. Knives were sold largely upon the embellishments on the handle. A fancy handle worked off goods rapidly, while a good blade in a plain handle was poor stock.

There were a few small American shops, but their product was insignificant, both in the total of sales, and their goods were in the hands of only small dealers. They differed from foreign goods in being made with plain handles but with good blades; so good that the manufacturer sent out every one with a guarantee as to quality, and exchanged it if it failed.

This was something new. It attracted attention; it set people talking about quality; they began to make tests, and as a result they began to enquire more frequently for the warranted goods. It was not long until fault was found with the gaudy English goods, and John Bull promptly came out with "American patterns;" these took for awhile but a better quality was demanded. The English then began to talk quality, but when the quality was warranted the price of foreign knives was about as high as of the American. This sent orders to the American makers, and the English cut the price to get their customers back. The American maker, turning out now in larger quantity, was able to cut his price, and again the foreign goods had to take a tumble. This is the story that has been going on steadily down to our own days, and I defy any two jobbers of Toledo sell 75 per cent. American made knives to 25 per cent of foreign, and sell a better knife at $3 per dozen to-day than they sold 22 years ago for $8. This proves that the consumer has not paid the tax, notwithstanding the parrots; have American workmen paid it?

At a public meeting before the committee of Ways and Means the pocket knife trade was laid open by agents of foreign makers on the one side and American manufacturers on the other. It was shown there that an American workman in pocket cutlery was paid an average of $2 a day; an English workman $1, and a German 61 cents. A boy's knife was shown which was sworn to cost in Germany 41 cents, England 64 cents, America $1 18 per dozen. The men who made it were paid 24 cents in Germany, 47 cents in England, and 95 cents in the United States.

But our American workman does not live on $3 flour, as in England, nor with meat once a week, as in Germany. And I thank God for it.

Have the blood manufacturers grown rich? Go to Canton, Ohio, and ask the creditors of the old knife company. Go to the East and find in New England, if you can, one factory that has not passed through bankruptcy. Find a stockholder in a single factory who has had 6 per cent. for his money invested for ten years, and I will go out and catch you a white black-bird.

What have these factories done for the country as a whole? There are 26 of them; they have two million dollars invested; they employ 1,500 hands? Are they a tax on the merchants whom they patronize? On the miller whose $8 flour they buy? On the doctors, lawyers and ministers whom they help to support? They are paid one million dollars a year in wages; they spend it in America, not in England or Germany, and instead of being a tax they are a blessing.

Is there a man so thick-headed as to suppose these men would have been here but for our tariff? Yet there are said to be farmers who say the tariff does not benefit them! I wish it was possible to set such men outside of our domains, where they could see the blessings of their boasted free trade. Let them go back to the "good old days" of 1853, when butter brought 6c and gingham 37c, and then listen to their story. But the tariff's beneficent power is like the rain, it helps alike those who bless it and those who curse it.

WM. H. MAHER.

The Cook Tackles the Parrot.

New York Press.

Early yesterday morning one of the enterprising young men who help to make the columns of the *Press* bright and newsy, discovered that the Bowery parrot had an interesting tussle with the usually good-natured cook of the establishment which has been made famous by this interesting bird. It was this way:

The parrot's cage had been placed in the kitchen to keep the new celebrated bird from getting chilly. The jolly cook was busily engaged frying pancakes for breakfast, and had just fried a piece of fat pork, and which had been sopped in milk and with the bill was rapidly reducing it to small pieces. Stopping a moment and darting a fierce look at the cook the parrot yelled several times in quick succession:

"The tariff is a tax!"

"Now, stop that, you monotonous one-idea old nuisance," said the jovial cook, "or you'll make me mad. I've been looking into this tariff myself. Do you see that frying pan?" said the cook, removing it from the stove and holding it up in a threatening way at the parrot.

The bird merely removed another piece of the sopped bread from its foot with its bill and cutters, and, swallowing it, remarked:

"The tariff is a tax."

"See that frying pan? repeated the cook, growing red in the face. "Now, McGinnis, the tinsmith over the way, who knows all about this tariff business, says that's an iron frying-pan, tinned, a No. 3, he calls it, and it cost by the dozen in England, $4 48, while the American article sells here at $4 25. And doesn't he sell it too at 50 cents, and don't he make more profit on the American frying-pan than on the English? And why? Because the English frying-pans cost him 37½ cents apiece and the American frying-pans only 35½ cents apiece. And isn't McGinnis himself going to vote for Harrison, the tariff and American frying-pans, though such a thing he never did before, always voting the democratic ticket?"

"The tariff is a tax," was the sole reply.

The only way to be thought anything is to be it. The success of Warner's Log Cabin Liver Pills lies in the fact that they do what they purport to. They act pleasantly, effectively and at once. Purely vegetable and harmless.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

Less than a week remains until our 10-cent offer expires. See that your neighbors each send us a dime for the BLADE.

OLD ENGLAND FAVORS GROVER.

BY HENRY E. RAGSDALE.

Tune, "Rosin the Bow."

Come, all ye good men of the nation,
Ye loyal, and noble and true,
No longer let prejudice rule you,
But vote for the Red, White and Blue.
Chorus: Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue!
Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue!
No longer let prejudice rule you,
But vote with the loyal and true!

Fat Grover he once wrote a message
To take all the tariff off wool,
To open our ports to Old England,
And roll up the cash for John Bull.
Hurrah! etc.

Old England's in favor of Grover
And all of his scatter-brain clan;
She hopes he'll get there in November,
Because he's her kind of a man.
Hurrah! etc.

Our forefathers captured the British
At Yorktown, a century ago;
Now, shall surrender to England
By putting the tariff down low?
Hurrah! etc.

Already her papers are praising
The efforts of President C.,
To open a gate in our statutes,
To let her cheap labor come free.
Hurrah! etc.

Ye soldiers, whose courage and valor
Have honored the Red, White and Blue
A substitute went for the dummy,
That turns the cold shoulder to you.
Hurrah! etc.

They call you Abe's dogs and his hirelings,
Reducing a pension to beg,
And thinking over our experiences
A comrade to bring from the poor-house,
Or help an old soldier to live.
Hurrah! etc.

Still claiming a love for the soldiers,
They make a motion like fines,
While waving old Thurman's bandana,
But the flag of our fathers for us!
Hurrah! etc.

Then thanks to the people's good judgment,
That rules over this civil fight,
We'll turn pussy G. out of office,
And put in Ben Harrison, right.
Hurrah! etc.

GROVER AND THE DEMOCRATS.

An Old Soldier Appeals to His Comrades —Time for Prompt Action.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I live in Madison county, Iowa, the center of a glorious Republican state, but I find many Bourbon Democrats here, and whenever and wherever I find them, they are the same unchanged and unchangeable beings. Their ideas have not advanced one iota from the days when Jeff Davis, Toombs, Wigfall & Co., in the Senate halls, dictated the policy of our government. Those of them who are capable of two ideas believe, perchance, in God and Democracy, and the other part believe blindly in Democracy, and know nothing else, though, if asked to define their faith, it might puzzle them sorely. With their faces turned backward for years and years they pass through life, regretting the past and heedless of the calls of the present age, until at last, full of days and whisky, they lie down to the sleep of innocence and ignorance, fully believing that as "since the fathers fell asleep all things have continued as they were," even so they shall ever continue; or if there should be any disturbance in the shape of resurrection, every good Democrat will rise with the just and be assigned to a postoffice, with a nigger or distillery as adjuncts.

But enough of this. I was a member of a Wisconsin regiment, and although my lot was not a hard one, I saw and knew something of what others had done and endured that we might have a nation. When I think of the actions of the pig-headed man of 'no, though the grace of Beelzebub and the wrath of the Almighty, encumbers the Presidential chair, and of the spirit manifested toward the brave and noble men who, by their valor, made his present position a possibility, my blood boils, and I find myself wondering if there is in the hereafter a place fitted to bring him to his senses.

Comrades, whoever or wherever you are, let us remain true to the cause and country for which the bravest and noblest men of this or any other age, braved, toil and danger, wounds and disease, prison and death. Let us consecrate ourselves anew to the work they left unfinished, and march to the polls in November with clean ballots and bury Veto Grover, the modern Americanized edition of Ptolemy Physcon, so deep in the obscurity from which he emerged only to disgrace the nation and "the rest of mankind," and to which he should justly descend, that even the archangel's trumpet sh all have to blow twice to arouse him.—JOHN M. PATTERSON, Co H, 47th Reg, Wis. Vol. Inf., Winterset, Iowa.

A WOMAN

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or needle nuts. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to demand a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the slightest attention unless the first and third rules above are strictly complied with.

Remember that our 10-cent offer is good only during October—not more than one week. See that your neighbors avail themselves of it.

The Earth's Orbit.

472—Hattie C., Cotton Valley, La.:

1. Which is the highest peak of the Cordilleras mountains? 2. How wide and how long is the earth's orbit? 3. How is M'Cheyne pronounced?

1. Popocatepetl in Mexico, which rises to the height of 17,720 feet above the sea and 500 feet above the termination of vegetation. 2. The earth travels in a nearly circular orbit around the sun, at a mean distance about 91,500,000 miles. By multiplying the distance from the sun as a center by 2 you will get the diameter of the orbit. Multiply this result by 3 and the result will be nearly the circumference. The size of the orbit varies, however, from the fact that at certain periods the earth approaches the sun to within 90,000,000 miles, and again withdraws to about 93,000,000. 3. Macshinno

Indiana and New York.

473—1. Give estimated vote of the states of New York and Indiana. 2. Give number of votes cast in each of these states for each of the Presidential tickets in 1884. 3. Give names of parties and candidates that are now in the field for the coming election.

1. In 1884 the vote of Indiana for Presidential candidates was as follows: Cleveland, 244,992; Blaine, 238,480; Butler, 8,293; St. John, 3,028; total popular vote, 494,793; Cleveland's plurality, 6,512. New York—Cleveland, 563,648; Blaine, 562,001; Butler, 17,002; St. John, 25,001; total popular vote, 1,171,312; Cleveland's plurality 1,647.

Condensed Milk.

474—N. M. J., Towanda, Ill.:

Please tell me how condensed milk is made.

Take 10,000 parts fresh cow's milk, 50 parts white sugar, and 2 parts pure carbonate of soda. Place them in a porcelain vessel, and, with constant stirring, evaporate to the consistency of a thick cream, either on a steam bath or by the heat of a vapor bath of 140 to 160 degrees Fahrenheit. One part of the extract will represent ten parts fresh milk. Put up in tight cans.

Campaign Songs.

475—EDITOR QUESTION BUREAU:—In answer to No. 174 in BLADE of August 30, Subscribers can find the song as ed for in the "Harrison and Morton Songster," published by W. F. Shaw & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.; but for good campaign songs get "True Blue," 15 cents per copy, published by S. Brainard's Sons, 145 and 147 Wabash avenue, Chicago.—J. G. WILLIAMS.

The Soo and the St. Clair Flats.

476—P. C. Earl, Ionia, Mich.:

1. Which is the richest country the United States or England? 2. Tell me whether Canada, Soo and St. Clair Flats are in Canadian waters.

1. The United States. 2. About 35 years ago the American and Canadian public were greatly aroused over the damage done to shipping in passing from river to lake St. Clair through Lake St. Clair to the Detroit river. In 1854 a public meeting was called in Buffalo, of which Millard Fillmore was chairman, to consider the matter. They appointed a committee to ascertain the amount of damage caused to Canadian and American shipping during the preceding summer, and it was found to be between $800,000 and $700,000. In the spring of 1855 the Buffalo Board of Trade memorialized Congress, with Col. Fox as chairman, to raise a private subscription for the purpose of dredging the channel. This was before the government had made any appropriations for internal improvements. Twelve thousand dollars was subscribed, but only $4,000 was collected. Nevertheless work was begun in dredging sand that had accumulated at the mouth of the river St. Clair. The sum raised was found to be wholly inadequate, and the matter was brought to the attention of Congres and the Canadian parliament. Congress appropriated $50,000. Col. Fox and John J. Henderson, at that time a member of the Dominion *Commercial Advertiser* staff, interested the Hon. George Brown, the Canadian Minister of Finance. He presented the case to the parliament, which appropriated £94,000 on condition that the center of the canal should be the boundary line. This condition Col. Fox asserts, was not known to the United States authorities, he fearing to acquaint them with the facts, in the belief that they would not consent to the condition. A canal 1,000 feet long, 200 feet wide and 14 feet deep was built, and the Canadian government, finding it to accord with the prescribed conditions, paid over their share of the expenses. The canal remained in use for sixteen years and is still employed by light draught vessels. It failed, however, to meet the needs of a growing commerce, and about seventeen years ago the United States government built at its own expense another canal, west of the old one and lying wholly within the United States limits. This canal was 400 feet wide and sixteen feet deep, and was built at far greater expense and far more securely than the old one. Col. Fox, who was in a position to know the facts about the building of the old canal, stoutly affirms that while it is neutral territory, the one completed in 1871 is exclusively under the control of the United States.

The Story of Shelly's Life.

477—Ada H., North Manchester, Ind.:

1. Please given sketch of the life of Shelly, the poet. 2. Also, give a sketch of Lord Byron.

1. Percy Bysshe Shelly, an English poet, was born at Field Place, near Horsham, Sussex, August 4, 1792, and drowned in the bay of Spezia, July 8, 1822. At the age of 13 he went to Eaton, where he refused to fag, and consequently was harshly treated by his school fellows, till he alarmed them by his storms of anger, or won their love by his kindness. He was already in love with Miss Grove, a cousin of his own age, with whom he wrote a romance entitled "Zastrozzi," London, 1810, following with other romances, among them "Ahasuerus; or, the Wandering Jew." His greatest passion was for chemistry. At first devoted to physics, he abandoned them for meta-physics. At the age of 17 he became satisfied that atheism was the sheet anchor of the world. These sentiments caused his expulsion from college, execration from home, and estrangement from Miss Grove, whom he married another. He took lodgings in London, where his sisters sent him small sums of money, the bearer being their school-mate, Harriet Westbrook, with whom he suddenly eloped and married at Gretna Green. He was aged 19 and she 16. He proceeded to Scotland, afterwards to Ireland, where he took an active part in the Irish cause, and was finally ordered to leave Ireland by the police. In 1816 he met Byron in Switzerland and the same year his wife drowned herself. He now married his second wife who had been his companion for two years. He traveled on the continent until 1818, during which time many of his best writings were produced. On July 8 of that year while riding in a small boat from Leghorn to Lerici, the boat capsized and he was drowned. The quarantine regulations of Tuscany required that everything drifting from the sea be burned, and when the remains of the poet were washed ashore they were therefore reduced to ashes on a funeral pile in the presence of Lord Byron, Leigh Hunt and Mr. Trelawney. 2. We have published a biography of Lord Byron.

Young Authors.

478—E. L. P., Salcthia, Kan.:

How can an amateur author secure the publication of his works, providing they possess sufficient merit? For whom should he submit manuscript to a periodical, the editor glances at the name of the author, and seeing that it is an unnoted one, returns the manuscript unread.

The books of literary writers who have already gained a reputation is so large that they supply the demand, and from a financial view their contributions are accepted, crowding out the efforts of new writers. Publishers must use rare tact in catering to the public taste, and the works of authors are not always considered on their literary merit, but their adaptability to the present hour. The road to fame in the literary world is a hard one, and when the goal is reached you will find it unsatisfactory. It is a will-o-the-wisp, which thousands chase but never catch. Turn your ambition in another channel and you may succeed, but in writing for periodicals, never, for the field is already monopolized.

Niagara Falls.

479—"Niagara County Boy," Reed City, Mich.:

In your issue of August 4, in answer to "A Reader, Cicero, Kas.," you say: "No fragment of anyone ever having gone over the Niagara Falls has been found." You are in error, as I lived for a number of years within sound of Niagara Falls, and recollect several persons going over the falls, and their bodies being recovered. In the year 1873 a newly married couple left Grand Island to cross over the Canadian side, becoming careless they allowed their boat to drift into the current, and both went over the falls. Their bodies were both recovered. One at Youngstown, and the other, either at the whirlpool or Lewiston. One lies buried in the Presbyterian church cemetery, at Youngstown. Persons and animals have gone over that brink, and their bodies found, but no boat, or other inanimate substance has ever stood the terrible ordeal.

[The editor of the QUESTION BUREAU made the statement objected to, on the authority of the late Hon. Thomas C. Street, whose residence and mill stand near the brink of the falls on the Canadian side. That gentleman said, with emphasis not to be mistaken, that no vestige of any one going over the falls had ever been found. Your statement that no inanimate substance has ever stood the terrible test, is erroneous. Last Summer a foolhardy adventurer from Buffalo made arrangements to go over the falls in a cask. Preparatory to his trip he placed a game rooster in the cask and sent it over the falls. The cask was recovered with only a slight bruise on one side, though all that remained of the rooster was a pile of feathers and chicken bones.]

The Kitchen Cabinet.

480.—G. M. B., Dayton, O.:

1. What was the "Kitchen" cabinet? 2. Who was known as the "American Fabius?" 3. What was the Burns Riot?

1. Kitchen cabinet is a name applied to a number of intimate friends of President [illegible] were said to Andrew Jackson. Those friends have more influence with the President than his official cabinet. The principal member of the Kitchen cabinet was Duff Green, of St. Louis, who established the newspaper, *The United States Telegraph*, in Washington. This paper was the President's organ until 1831, when Green sided with Calhoun against Jackson and lost the latter's confidence.

The *Globe*, John C. Rives and Francis P. Blair, editors, then became the President's organ, and Blair became a member of the Kitchen cabinet. Other members were William B. Lewis, of Nashville; Isaac Hill, of New Hampshire; and Amos Kendall, of Kentucky. The term has also been applied to certain advisers of President John Tyler, and of President Andrew Johnson. 2. General George Washington, because he pursued the policy of Fabius in avoiding a conflict, yet keeping his army within an annoying distance of the enemy. These tactics during the revolutionary war, gained for him the title of the American Fabius. 3. We can find no record of the riot referred to.

All the Candidates.

481—D. M. Port Byron, N. Y.:

How many candidates are there for President in this campaign?

Party.	For President.	For Vice President.
Rep ...	Benj. Harrison, Ind. ...	L. P. Morton, N. Y.
Dem....	Grover Cleveland, N.Y.	A. G. Taurman, O.
Prohib.	Clinton B. Fiss, N. J....	J. A. Brooks, Mo.
Union..	Robert H. Cowdrey, Ill.	W. Wakefield, Ks.
Union..	Alson H. Streeter, Ill....	C. E. Cunnam, Ar.
Ind. Rep.	A. E. Redstone, Cal....	John Colvin, Ks.
Labor..	Alex. Belva A. Lockwood, D.C.	A. H. Love, Pa.
Amer'n.	James L. Curtis, N. Y.:	

The Sioux Difficulties.

482—N. M., Wheeling, W. V.:

What is the Sioux treaty that caused the Indians to send representatives to Washington?

The great Sioux reservation, lying west of the Missouri river in Dakota, and containing some 23,000,000 of acres, has long been a barrier between the eastern part of Dakota, which is being fast settled, and the Black Hills region, which contains nearly all the mineral deposits of the territory, and which must in the near future be looked to for the fuel supply of the great agricultural regions in the eastern part now supplied, at excessive cost, from the bituminous regions of Pennsylvania and Ohio. This demand for cheaper fuel, the settlement of a large part of the available farming lands in Dakota east of the Missouri river, as well as a desire on the part of the government to place the Sioux upon allotments of land, and start them upon the road towards civilization and self-support, have brought up for consideration the reduction of this reservation. Briefly, the act provides for the opening to white settlement under the homestead laws of 11,000,000 acres of the reservation lying between the White and Cheyenne rivers, and running from the Missouri to the Black Hills. This divides the reservation into two equal parts, and gives the railroads of the eastern part a chance to get into the Black Hills. Two roads, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and the Chicago & Northwestern, have for years had lines surveyed across the reservation and into the Black Hills, and the act confirms to these roads their rights of way and station grounds, all of which had been previously negotiated for by the roads with the Indians. The act provides for compensation for the lands to the Indians, each settler under the homestead law to pay 50 cents per acre for his land. Other provisions of the act are the allotment of lands in severalty on the remaining reservation, the supplying of cattle and farming implements to the Indians, and the conferring of citizenship upon Indians who take advantage of the terms of the act.

Our Language.

483—G. Hine, Ensenore, N. Y.:

Is the English language spoken more than any other language in the world?

The English language is unquestionably the most prominent language on the globe. It is the mother tongue, or the common speech, of more than 100,000,000 of people in the United States and in Great Britain and her dependencies. This cannot be said of any other European tongue. In the densely populated provinces of China we may find a single tongue used by a greater number, but nowhere else, and there is no other speech so widely known or so generally used in commerce as this. Indeed, English is the commercial language of the globe, in use everywhere that the restless citizen of Great Britain or the United States has found his way, which includes every zone, section, political or geographical division of the earth. The population of the United States in 1880 was 50,000,000; it is now probably not less than 58,000,000. Great Britain has a home population of some thirty-six and a half millions, but the British Empire, with its colonies and dependencies, has a population of more than 200,000,000, not including the millions in India under its control. These figures show the widespread influence of the English tongue. To this must be added the fact that this tongue is especially the vehicle of current news and literature. There were in 1880, 10,625 newspapers and magazines printed in the English tongue in American ports. The "Newspaper Directory of the World," issued in 1882, gave the whole number of periodicals in the world at 34,274, of which 16,500 were printed in the English language.

Sheep Statistics.

484—A. E. Cody, Neb.:

(1) The number of sheep owners in each of the states and territories with the number of sheep owned in each state and territory.

(2) The number of men employed in the industries whose products are placed on the free list by the Mills bill and the value of their annual product.

We have no authentic statistics of the stock raisers by states. The American Almanac for 1880 places the stock herders at 24,098, stock raisers 10,128. Other figures are no doubt largely augmented in the last eight years. The total number of persons employed in agriculture and stock raising combined in the United States is placed at 7,670,493. The total number of sheep in the United States, 1880, was 35,192,074. Of these California had 4,152,349, Illinois 1,037,073, Indiana 1,100,511, Kentucky 1,000,269, Michigan 2,189,389, Missouri 1,411,208, New Mexico 2,088,881, New York 1,715,103, Ohio 4,005,902, Oregon 1,083,162, Pennsylvania 1,776,598, Texas 2,411,633, Wisconsin 1,336,807. The other states are quoted as being only nominal. Your state, Nebraska, has only 199,453.

2. According to the 10th census of the United States the number of persons affected by the Mills bill directly by their occupation in agriculture is 7,670,493, trades and transportation 1,810,256, mechanical trades 3,837,112.

The Value of Old Coins.

485—W. H. S. McG. Kingston, Mo.:

Please answer the following question and oblige. I have in my possession an old coin of the following description. It is about the size of a one cent piece, is brass has an eagle on the face of it under which are the figures 2.50. Around the outeredge of the coin is "United States of America." On the other side nothing is visible. Please tell when it was in circulation, the value and all you can about it.

Your coin is probably an old colony piece. We have received the following question and answer from a party in possession of an old coin of the following description. It is about the size of a one cent piece, is brass has an eagle on the face of it under which are the figures 2.50. Around the outeredge of the coin is "United States of America." On the other side nothing is visible. Please tell when it was in circulation, the value and all you can about it.

Your coin is probably an old colony piece. We have received the following question and answer from a party in possession of an old coin of the following description. It is about the size of a one cent piece, is brass has an eagle on the face of it under which are the figures 2.50. Around the outeredge of the coins

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1888.

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For Doubling the Weekly Blade's Circulation.

Every person who will, during this month of October, remit us ten cents, silver or postal note, will be entered on our subscription list for the BLADE for *eight weeks.* (Do *not* send postage stamps.)

We are aware that a standard newspaper was never before offered to the public at so low a price, and that we shall not be reimbursed for the white paper and postage. Still, we shall have the satisfaction of largely increasing our circulation, hoping at the same time to do considerable good when it may be most needed for HARRISON, MORTON and Protection; and we believe many thousand who will give the BLADE eight weeks' trial will afterwards become permanent subscribers.

How many ten cent subscribers we shall receive under this offer, depends upon how many people will read this announcement during October who are not now subscribers. Therefore, the success of the whole scheme depends upon our present subscribers. If each subscriber will show this announcement to three or four neighbors and friends who are not subscribers to the BLADE, the effect would be an unprecedented increase in our subscription list.

A still better plan would be for each subscriber to see that at least one neighbor or friend *does* remit ten cents for a trial subscription, in which case we would exactly double our subscription.

The experiment is a novel one, and we trust each of our subscribers will have interest enough in its success to see that at least one ten cent postal note is sent us during October. We are particular to require silver or postal note. We cannot use stamps.

This offer is only good during October. For fifteen cents we will send the BLADE eight weeks and *one* of our Harrison portraits.

Notice to subscribers whose time expires in October: We have sent each one of you a private proposition by mail regarding your renewal for one year. We hope you will decide to accept the terms offered. If for any reason you cannot renew for one year, send us ten cents, in accordance with the above proposition, and have your time extended eight weeks, which will cover the campaign, and show you the excellent features that will be added after the political battle is over.

SHALL THE NINETEEN COME TO ONE, OR THE ONE TO THE NINETEEN?

Smarting under the exposition of the fact that the third party has never enacted a single Prohibitory or restrictive law against the Rum Traffic, an organ of that party attempts to argue that the third party has really been the cause of Prohibitory legislation, by forcing other parties to enact the law. It has the hardihood to declare that in Iowa the third party "compelled the Republicans to adopt Prohibition"—that it "kept up the fight" until the Republican party was compelled to take the initiative against Rum in order to avoid its being swallowed by the third party! To show how ridiculous this plea is, we will quote from "Our Standard Bearer," a campaign life of FISK put out this year, which has a tabular statement of the third party vote at Presidential elections. The following was the third party vote in Iowa:

1876	36	1884	1,472
1880	592	1886 (state)	518

The Prohibitory law was enacted in 1884. How could 1,472 third party voters have "compelled the Republican party" to enact Prohibition, when the vote of the latter the same year for President was 197,082, and it had a plurality of 19,796 over the Democratic and Greenback fusion? Why did not the 32,327 Greenback vote in 1880 "compel" the Iowa Republicans to accept the Greenback doctrine?

It is plain that the Republican party passed the Prohibitory law because it favored such action, and not because of the handful of third-party votes. In Iowa, as is the case elsewhere, the total number of men who favor separate party action bears a very small ratio to the total number of citizens who favor Prohibition, but do not believe in a separate party.

The fact is that it is always easier to mold a dominant party to a new issue, if the latter is one that appeals to sense of right, than it is to attempt to break political affiliations and attempt to create a new party. This is especially the case with an issue that appeals to the moral sense, like Prohibition, and with the party that contains the larger proportion of thinking and intelligent voters. A great party is not an army, obeying the will of its commander. No question can be forced upon it by one man or a dozen men, that does not meet with indorsement by the individuals composing it. The fatal mistake is in attempting to make the tail wag the dog—to make the minority dominate the majority, while the masses of the latter were yet indifferent to the point considered important by the minority.

The fact that time is an important factor in the evolution of moral reforms—that voters, whether of one party or all parties, can not be made to go faster than they wish to go—that new doctrines must be instilled into the minds of the masses, instead of making a sudden demand upon them for indorsement—is clearly illustrated in the history of Prohibition in Kansas. In 1878, ST. JOHN was elected governor by 36,812 plurality. In 1880, his plurality was 51,647, although the Prohibitory amendment to the state constitution, which was carried that year, had only 7,988 majority. The law to carry out that amendment, passed in 1881, was ill-considered in details, and weak in provisions for the enforcement of Prohibition. In 1882, the Republicans, in their state platform, pledged themselves to additional legislation "for the rigid enforcement" of the amendment, and renominated ST. JOHN for a third term. The result was his defeat by 8,079 votes, a change of 59,726 in two years, and the election of his Democratic competitor. The lesson is obvious. The people could not be driven faster than they desired to go. The were willing to accept Prohibition, but they would not vote for what they then considered tyrannical legislation in its favor. The Republican platform of 1884 declared in favor of "a faithful and honest enforcement" of the amendment; and this declaration won back thousands of voters who esteemed the language of the platform two years previous to be unjust and tyrannical, and the Republican candidate (MARTIN) received 38,393 plurality.

In this campaign the third-party silliness, to call it by no stronger name, was shown. Because the language of the platform did not commit the party to what the experience of two years previous had shown to be an unwise policy of ultra repression, the resolution was denounced during the campaign as "a surrender of the cause," and the defeat of the Republican party was demanded by the third party as a "rebuke." What would that defeat have meant? Simply the election again of the Democratic ticket, which party was openly opposed to Prohibition. But the Republican cause triumphed. The legislature, elected at the same time as Governor MARTIN, so wisely amended the enforcement clauses of the law that the saloons were closed in most of the state. The "cause" was helped, instead of being surrendered; and the positive good resulting from Prohibition so strengthened the hands of the Republican party that in 1886 the state convention was enabled to take more advanced ground with the people, the resolution declaring that the party favored "such amendments as practical experience had shown to be necessary," and the election of officers "who will so faithfully and firmly enforce it as to make it impossible to sell intoxicating liquors in the state, except for the purposes specified" in the amendment.

The campaign of 1886 turned on that resolution. The Republicans re-elected Governor MARTIN by 33,918 plurality, and the law was again so amended that there has not been a saloon in the state for more than a year past, the illegal sale is fast diminishing, and the drink habit is becoming disreputable in popular estimation. Even the Democratic party of Kansas is dropping its active opposition to Prohibition, despite the plank in the St. Louis platform which commits the party in the nation to opposition to sumptuary laws. The Republicans of Kansas have a strong Prohibitory plank in their platform, their candidate for governor, L. U. HUMPHREY, is strongly in favor of Prohibition, and he will be elected by a big majority.

The leaders of the third party are pharisaical in that they assume a superiority in demanding that the friends of Prohibition shall abandon the mighty issue which is to-day the center of political conflict, and which, from the nature of things, must be decided by this campaign, to unite with them on an issue not involved in the present campaign. The experience of years shows that the effort to divorce voters from their political affiliation in the attempt to make a new party based on Prohibition meets with but meager success. Prohibition sentiment grows, but the third party does not increase so as to be able to do anything at the ballot box. Prohibitory laws are passed, but the third party can claim no credit for it.

Is it not the part of wisdom, then, to stay in the party ranks and spend effort in awakening those not yet roused to the true magnitude of the evils of the Rum traffic, and enlisting them on the side of Prohibition, rather than double and triple the magnitude of the task by trying to make them join a new party? Let us look at the figures. We give below the votes for Prohibitory amendments in the states named since 1880, and the vote, *in the same year*, for the third-party ticket:

	For Prohibition.	For Third Party
Kansas, 1880	92,302	.....
Iowa, 1882	155,436	.....
Ohio, 1883	323,129	8,362
Maine, 1884	70,783	1,151
Rhode Island, 1886	15,100	2,283
Michigan, 1887	178,656	18,568
Oregon, 1887	19,973	2,775
Tennessee, 1887	117,504	.....
Texas, 1887	129,273	19,186
Totals	1,102,156	52,629

What does a comparison of these totals show? Simply that, on the votes in those years, nineteen-twentieths of the friends of Prohibition refused to vote for the third party. Does it need any stronger showing to make it clear that the tremendous efforts to create the third party are practically wasted, and would be productive of more good if they were expended in the effort to further the cause of Prohibition on non-partisan grounds? The mass of the third party voters are sincere men. But they fail to grasp the magnitude of the problem presented in the Prohibition question; they fail to see that the thing to do it not to attempt to create a party, but to aid in increasing the already vast Prohibition sentiment, so that the cause shall triumph, irrespective of party. What we need is not to attempt the task of trying to make the nineteen-twentieths go over to the one-twentieth—not to attempt to make the tail wag the dog—but to bring the one-twentieth over to the nineteen-twentieths, to unite in the work of educating the people up to the point where they will arise in their might and *Pulverize the Rum Power.*

MR. BLAINE'S meeting at Chicago on Saturday evening was a tremendous one. His speech was a terrible, but truthful arraignment of CLEVELAND'S administration, each specification being fortified by the proofs. MR. BLAINE'S proved charges were: the development and intensification of the spoils system, the sacrifice of the nation's honor in the fisheries controversy, the brutal disregard of the rights of soldiers and the abuse of the veto power, the disfranchisement of 700,000 citizens of Dakota, the loaning of the people's money to the pet banks, and the attack on the industries and workingmen of America by the effort to take a step toward free trade. The speech is a remarkable one, orushing and unanswerable. It will be found elsewhere in this paper.

THE *Epoch*, which is a high-class, independent New York weekly journal, admits that "the determination of the friends of Governor HILL to secure his re-election at any cost," tells visibly against CLEVELAND'S chances. It states that HILL'S friends and agents have made direct offers to local Republican managers to trade CLEVELAND for HILL, and expresses the opinion that "it is very doubtful if Republican workers will be above the temptation of making sure of the Presidency by a sacrifice of the governorship."

HAVE you ever noted the fact that no Democratic legislature, in any state, ever passed a law to aid in securing honest elections and a fair count?

HAVE YOU READ OUR REMARKABLE TEN-CENT OFFER?

Has every reader of the BLADE noticed the extraordinary offer made in the first column of this page, headed, "Only TEN Cents?" If not, turn to it and read it.

The responses to this offer have been simply astonishing. It is bringing us thousands of names each day. Of course our readers understand that we make no money out of the papers at such a ridiculously low price. It is simply the BLADE'S contribution to the Republican campaign. We want to get good Republican protectionist doctrine before as many people as possible.

Remember this fact—that this offer is good ONLY for the month of *October*. It will appear in our columns but ONCE more. This offer expires on October 31. In the meantime, we want *every* subscriber to the BLADE to see that we get at least ONE NEW NAME; and we ask every subscriber to see that everybody in his neighborhood is informed of this very remarkable offer before October 27.

Turn in and give us your help in this matter, friends! And do it AT ONCE, that they all have an opportunity of availing themselves of an offer that will not be repeated.

VIOLATIONS OF THE CIVIL SERVICE LAW.

The report of the special Senate committee, to inquire into the present condition of the civil service of the United States, shows a most disgraceful state of affairs, and makes clear that the claims of President CLEVELAND as a civil service reformer are groundless and hypocritical. Three things are made clear by this committee's work. First, that partisan changes have been made in the federal offices in a wholesale way under no pretence that the good of the public service demanded such changes. In most marked instances, as in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Indianapolis, and New York, these changes have been followed by scandals in the public service which has been rendered less efficient by reason of the changes.

Second, that federal officials throughou the country, contrary to the directions of the President, as found in his letter of July 14, 1886, have freely and openly participated in political conventions ane primary election movements, using their official influence. In no case does the committee find that any federal officer has been disciplined for such interference in politics, but on the other hand such interference has been repeatedly recognized and rewarded by their official influence. In Pennsylvania the entire machinery of the federal service was put in operation for the purpose of controlling the Democratic organization in the state in the interest of the administration's force against the friends of Mr. RANDALL. The state conventions were dominated and controlled by the federal officials, and the chairmanship of the state committee was secured by the offices bestowed by the administration upon members of the committee who changed their allegiance from Mr. RANDALL to the President. In no case does the committee find that any federal officer has been disciplined for such interference in politics, but on the other hand such interference has been repeatedly recognized and rewarded.

Third, that the system of levying tolls and assessments upon federal officeholders for political purposes has continued without interruption since the administration came into place. The committee is persuaded that at present throughout the country, officeholders are being generally assessed and called upon to contribute from their salaries to swell the campaign funds of the Democratic party. While these assessments, so generally made and responded to, are in violotion of the repeated declarations of the President and of the fundamental principles of civil service reform, the committee hardly feel warranted in severely animadverting upon the conduct of the subordinates for violating the policy announced by the President in view of the fact that that policy has been departed from and grossly violated by the President and members of his cabinet in their alleged and uncontradicted subscriptions of large sums to the Democratic national committee. The committee very properly suggest that the Attorney General of the United States give his opinion whether such contributions as that made by the President himself are not in violation of the plain provisions of the civil service statute. The report is an unanswerable indictment of the administration for insincerity and hypocrisy, and the facts should be given the widest circulation.

"COMMON SENSE AT LAST."

There is an article in the September number of the *North American Review* with the above title, written by an English peer. It is in response to a gentleman in Washington city, who has sent the noble lord a copy of the Mills bill, and some of his comments are rather fresh. For instance:

> I took the liberty of reading your letter and the bill to a number of Cobden club men, and it may interest you to learn that their unanimous verdict was that America has come to common sense at last. * * *
>
> After all, to what good end do your high wages tend? Is the laborer or his family any better off for a piano in his parlor or silken fineries for his wife and daughters? Do not these mock luxuries tend to dangerous discontent? Do not high wages encourage the poor to live above their station and to look for the real and unattainable luxuries of the rich?
>
> Of course England will be greatly benefitted by free trade with America. It will stimulate our manufacturing interests to a wonderful degree. * * Let America grow and England manufacture. That, in my opinion, expresses the true policy of both the great branches of our Anglo-Saxon race. Pardon this long letter; but I have never before taken so much interest in any American problem. *Here we regard Mr. Cleveland as the ablest and bravest President in all your royal line, if we will permit that, I confess, rather undemocratic expression.*

ARMSTRONG Assembly, Knights of Labor, at Indianapolis, has sent out an official circular, headed, "A Liar and His Falsehood," in which GOULD, the fellow who started the infamous dollar-a-day lie about General HARRISON is condemned in a series of resolutions, which will be found in full elsewhere in this paper. The following portion of a resolution gives the "true inwardness" of the scoundrelly scheme:

> It is fully understood by the members of the Knights of Labor in this city that Edwin F. Gould is an unscrupulous political worker, and that he has sought to use our order for furthering his political schemes on other occasions as well as this. We understand and fully believe that he has been and now is in the employ of the Democratic party, and that he has been sent into the State of New York by the managers of the said party to advance the interests of Grover Cleveland and to injure the reputation of Gen. Harrison and to destroy as far as possible the usefulness of our order. Therefore we warn all Knights of Labor everywhere to beware of Edwin F. Gould as unreliable and wholly untrustworthy.

FRANK LESLIE'S *Illustrated Newspaper* has been for years Democratic in its tendencies, but not for free trade—rather of the RANDALL than the CLEVELAND type of Democracy. In an editorial paragraph it shows up the false and misleading "average tariff rate" fallacy as follows:

> It is to be hoped that the misstatements that are being made about the Mills bill will not deceive the people. The story that it effects a reduction only on duties that now stand at 47 per cent so that they will stand at 41 per cent is a monstrous and fraudulent imposition. That assumption is arrived at by omitting the 93 articles which the Mills bill places on the free list altogether from the calculation of the reduction. On the same principle, if every duty on the tariff list save one had been repealed, and that had been left unchanged, it might be said there had been no reduction in average rates of duty! Yet the result would be absolute free trade except in the one article, which might be, perchance, bananas!

WE think GROVER CLEVELAND is defeated.

VILE CAMPAIGN METHODS.

Somebody in Columbus is sending out a shoal of campaign papers, with the heading — "The *Labor Signal* — Supplement," without date or place of publication. They come through the mails, with a "return" request printed on the wrapper, to be returned to "the Police Department, Columbus, O." The entire sheet is devoted to a revamping of the infernal lies about General HARRISON'S conduct during the strike of 1877, the "dollar-a-day" lie, and other campaign matter of the same character. The purpose is to mislead voters. The more decent of Democratic papers ignore these campaign lies, knowing them to be false. The New York *World*, which is a leading Democratic paper, declared editorially some weeks ago that they were falsehoods, and made special mention of the dollar-a-day story, which it included in the category.

Chairman HUSTON, of the Republican state committee of Indiana, has prepared a complete history of this infamous business. The lie that General HARRISON once said that "a dollar a day was enough for any workingman" first appeared immediately after the Chicago convention, and was published by the *Sentinel*, the Democratic organ in Indianapolis. This was met by a challenge from the Indianapolis *Journal*, the leading Republican paper of Indiana, offering $1,000 for proof that General HARRISON ever made that remark or another one of practically the same tenor. A check for $2,000 was sent to WILLIAM H. ENGLISH, once a Democratic candidate for Vice President, and to JOSEPH E. McDONALD, a Democratic ex-Senator, to hold until the testimony was examined. Both refused the trust.

The next step in the circulation of the lie was the statement of one EDWARD F. GOULD that he heard General HARRISON make the statement. This was followed by an affidavit from one SCHWARTZ, reiterating the lie.

This was followed by a flood of affidavits from railroad men engaged in the strike which is alleged to have caused the remark, in which the lie was conclusively, emphatically and irrefutably made plain by numerous affidavits denying its truth. Among the affidavits is one of PATRICK H. JAMESON, who was at the meeting addressed by General HARRISON at that time. JAMESON swears that General HARRISON said then that he did not believe the men were getting enough pay but talked to them very kindly, and hoped justice would be done them. This affidavit was supported by others, by R. S. FOSTER, JOSEPH R. PERRY and FRED KNEIFFER, all of whom declare positively that no such statement was made.

JOHN T. PRESSLY, who was sheriff of Marion county during the strike, and for four years previous to that time a fireman and engineer on the Bee Line railroad and a prominent member of the brotherhood, swears that Gen. HARRISON always expressed himself in favor of higher wages for the workingmen. W. I. LOKUE, HENRY MCPEEK, ALPHEUS KNIGHT, THOMAS W. CHRISTIAN, WILLIAM S. ELLIOTT, and others, all strikers, emphatically deny that Gen. HARRISON ever used the expression.

The most complete refutation is, however, a declaration by GOULD himself, who told JOHN R. ROBINSON, ALBERT HOFFMAN, JOHN A. COULTER, SILAS H. BRITTAIN, JOHN R. BELLIS, and DAVID E. WILLIAMS, all of whom swear to it, that he never heard Gen. HARRISON make the statement attributed to him.

THE OHIO "ASSISTANT DEMOCRATS."

The fact has been admitted several times by the over-zealous third-party leaders that their first aim is to "destroy" the Republican party, on the supposition that the voters will then come bodily over to their ranks. They speak as if the Republican party were some sort of jailer who holds the voters in thrall, and that if he is put out of the way they will go trooping into the political Prohibitionist camp. They fail to understand, apparently, that the voters *are* the party, and that to knock a man down is not the way to make him your sworn ally and sincere friend.

But how is the Republican party to be "destroyed?" The third party is not strong enough to accomplish this at the polls directly. Its only course is to aid the Democratic party into power, in the hope that through numerous defeats the Republican party will dissolve. The fact that the Democratic party is the party of the saloon, and that its national platform this year declares against all "sumptuary" laws, does not check the third-party leaders, who profess to believe in Prohibition. They are willing that the friends of the saloon shall triumph, if the Republican party can be defeated.

The charge has been made more than once that Democratic campaign funds have been raised to further the third party's campaign in Ohio and other Republican states, and of course fiercely denied. We are able to throw some light on this matter as regards the present campaign in Ohio. The *State Journal* a short time ago had an item referring to the matter, hearing of which, N. W. TRACEY, the temperance worker, wrote to a Columbus minister in regard to it. Below is given the reply:

COLUMBUS, O., Oct. 17, 1888.

MR. N. W. TRACEY, Holgate, O.:

If I had a copy of that *State Journal* I would send it.

I have it from the lips of a most estimable Christian gentleman—an Eastern banker—that a check (he did not say what amount) passed through his bank—the check of a well-known liquor dealer, and tributary to the Prohibition campaign fund. Now, I have always been a Prohibitionist, but such facts, together with the knowledge I have that the whisky Democracy rejoice to see the third party grow, together with such statements that Prohibition is the only moral issue before the American people, have led me to feel, as sincerely as I have ever felt anything, that third party people are hurting their friends and helping the foe.

I, too, believe in God, Home and Native land; but when I see how my own brethren in the ministry are trented in the South, and know of recent crimes against life and citizenship prepetrated unrebuked by and for the Democracy, and condoned by the third party, I am ashamed of my native land.

I have spent a pastoral term in Topeka, where they have come as near absolute prohibition as in any town in America, and there we had to help the whisky ring of the Republicans, and the rank and file of the Democracy, while the third party did nothing but howl and throw away their votes.

Your for the war against the devices of the adversary. S. MCCHESNEY.

THE BLADE'S HARRISON PORTRAIT.

Our portrait of HARRISON is the best one yet published. After this date, any person remitting us 25 cents for the Weekly BLADE three months, may have one of these portraits free if they will ask for it in their letter containing remittance.

THE Democratic effort seems to be to make other people suppose that every man engaged in manufacturing is a public enemy; that our manufacturers are cold-blooded, selfish brutes, making enormous fortunes, and grinding the faces of the poor to accomplish it. Look about you at the manufacturers you know, and compare them with the men engaged in other lines of business, and draw your own conclusions.

THE exploded "dollar a day" lie, about which so much talk has been made by the Democrats, is thoroughly refuted by a pamphlet issued by the Republican State committee of Indiana, entitled "The Origin, History and Refutation of the Dollar-a-Day Lie." Copies may be obtained by applying to Hon. JAMES N. HUSTON, chairman of that committee, at Indianapolis.

IN 1883 the Democratic party of Ohio bitterly arraigned the Republicans for, as they said, reducing the wool tariff that year. This year that party is howling for free wool. Will somebody please reconcile this discrepancy, so to speak?

ADJOURNMENT AT LAST.

Toledo Daily Blade, October 19.

The House has accepted the Senate resolution for an adjournment on Saturday at noon, and at that hour the longest session in our constitutional history will be brought to an end. The session has been thus prolonged because of the tariff issue, forced upon his party by the President in his message of last December. In all the years the lower House has been under Democratic control, there has been a ceaseless gabble about the iniquity of the tariff, and scheme after scheme for its reduction have been proposed. But none of them could be passed, because the Democrats themselves could not agree on a method. CLEVELAND'S bull-whip had to be used untiringly at the last to bring the Democratic Representatives in line for the Mills bill. There has never, in the whole history of the government, been a more flagrant case of unauthorized and overbearing interference of the executive branch of the government with the legislative than this instance affords.

It took eight months of work to prepare the Mills bills and force it though the Democratic House. It was sent to the Senate less than three months ago. That body referred it to the proper committee, who prepared a proper bill for revenue reduction, which differs from the Mills bill as the Republican policy differs from the Democratic—the one being a reduction in the interests of free trade, the other a reduction which preserves the protective principle. There is a vast deal of falsehood talked by Democratic orators and printed in Democratic papers, intended to mislead voters who are friends of protection, to the effect that the Republican bill reduces the revenue as much as does the Mills bill, and therefore it is "just as much of a free trade measure." Every man of ordinary intelligence knows this to be false. The bills are radically different in the methods by which they propose to reduce the revenue.

The Senate and the House can never agree on a tariff bill; hence there is no possible need of prolonging the session of Congress. The whole matter must go the voters of the nation, to settle at the polls on November 6, through the election of new members of Congress, and a new President to execute the legislation which that Congress will pass. The two parties stand on opposite sides of the question. Each has a method of revenue reduction. The Republicans have one that will not injure the interests of American industries and American workingmen, the Democrats one that will throw open the doors to a flood of goods made by the pauper labor of foreign lands, and compel our workingmen to compete with that labor —which they can only do by accepting a reduction of wages that will put them on a plane with the labor of European countries.

THE PROBABLE RESULT.

The BLADE is receiving, from all parts of the country, letters from persons who wish replies by mail as to what we really believe will be the result in some one or more of the doubtful states, and the general result. They seem to have the erroneous idea that a newspaper has information that it does not make public on these points. We have no time to answer these letters by mail. All will have to be content with a general reply. From all the information at our command, and the estimates of well-informed Republicans in the states named, we think that the outlook is:

That HARRISON and MORTON will be elected.

That they will carry all the so-called "doubtful" states.

That they will have 245 electoral votes.

That their majorities in the doubtful states will not be less than the following figures:

	Rep. maj.
New York	15,000
New Jersey	1,500
Connecticut	3,000
Indiana	7,000

This is certainly a moderate estimate, taking the situation at the present time. There is no telling what Democratic desperation and deviltry will attempt, however, between now and the election. One thing is absolutely certain: They are piling up money to use corruptly on election day in the close states. And we have no doubt that cunning schemes are being considered, in order to spring something at the last moment upon the voters. Remember the infamous "Morey letter" in 1880. Remember the fact that, up to one week before the election of 1884, JAMES G. BLAINE'S triumph was a certainty. The true history of his defeat in New York has never been written, but some day it will see the light. Work hard, and look out for deviltry, for it is sure to be attempted by the Democratic campaign managers.

NASBY'S BOOKS.

We now have in stock all the published works of D. R. LOCKE, and can fill orders promptly. The demand for the "Cross Roads" letters in book form exceeded our expectations, and we have just caught up with back orders. We have announced on 5th page of this issue full particulars, prices, etc.

A WARNING WAIL.

The New York *Herald* of Monday last gave the following letter a very prominent place on its editorial page. It is dated from Buffalo:

> I am hurrying through the western counties, for I am sick of this eternal buttonholing and corner grocery tariff discussion. You can make up your mind that, unless some extraordinary change occurs between now and October 6, Harrison will go down to High Bridge with something like 70,000 plurality. If New York can overcome that Cleveland is all right; if not, he will have to pack up and come back to Buffalo. You can get no idea in your present surroundings of the situation in the country. The Republicans are making a fierce, intelligent and so far successful fight. It was a mistake for Cleveland to raise the tariff issue. I can see that now for the first time.
>
> The surface argument is, as you know, all in favor of the Republicans, and that is the argument that catches the countrymen. There are large defections of life-long Democrats among the farmers everywhere I have been. In Rochester the men in control of the Democratic organization will knife Cleveland sure. They are very bitter against him, and in private make no bones of it. In Steuben county the Democrats are all smashed up. Cleveland's appointees are a lot of milk and water Republicans, who let their enemies scoop everything. The only notable exception is Jim Hanlon, internal revenue collector, who lives at Medina, and is making the most extraordinary fight in Orleans county I have yet come across. He's a dandy. The Democrats in Niagara county are saving their money to use on election day. God bless them.

The facts which have just come home to this correspondent have been known to the Republicans for six weeks past. The poll of the state of New York, by the Republican committee, showed clearly that the Republicans would sweep the state, outside of the cities of New York and Brooklyn, by an immense majority. It is impossible that CLEVELAND shall have more than 50,000 to 55,000 majority in these cities, in the opinion of cool-headed judges. The Democrats claim only 55,000. The Empire State seems very sure for HARRISON.

The desperation of the Democrats is shown in the last sentence of the above letter. Not only in Niagara county, but everywhere in the state—and not only in that state, but all over the North—they are piling up an aggregate of hundreds of thousands of dollars, to be used corruptly. Their only hope is in finding enough venal voters to literally buy the election.

HERE is a photograph of the situation among the New York Democrats: The fellows who like CLEVELAND hate HILL, and the fellows who like HILL hate CLEVELAND, and these fellows all carry knives in their sleeves this year.

WE shall hear what the Democrats really think of CLEVELAND, after the election—and it will be interesting reading.

WHAT WORKING MEN HAVE TO CONSIDER.

The plea on which the free traders ask for votes for the Democratic ticket is that the tariff makes things dearer. They promise cheaper food and cheaper clothing. But they are silent as to the fact that free trade means *cheaper labor* as well. Mr. MILLS declared, in his East St. Louis speech, that the Democratic party proposed to put American working men on a level with working men in Europe. The fact has been incontestably shown, time and again, that wages in Europe do not average over half what they do here. To put our working men on the European level, includes the reduction of their wages.

If wages are reduced one-half, will working men be able to buy more goods, because they are one-fourth or one-third cheaper than they are now?

Will the cost of living drop one-half, to correspond with the drop in wages?

Will your city or state taxes be one-half less, will your coal be one-half less, will meat, and flour, and potatoes, and house-rent, be one-half less than they are now?

With the tariff cut down, everybody admits that there will be an enormous increase in the amount of imports from abroad. Will not this reduce the demand for American made goods; and this reduced demand lead to partial stoppages, at least, of American mills and mines and factories, thus still further reducing the annual wages of the tens of thousands of men employed therein?

What sense is there in throwing open the doors and allowing the English, the Belgians, the Chinese, to send their products, made with labor so much cheaper than ours, to stop our own establishments and throw our own people out of work? Can not such goods become *too* cheap for the prosperity of our nation?

With your wages cut one-half, with steady work not so plenty as it is now, and with foreign-made goods, say one-third cheaper, will you be better off or worse off than you are now, workingmen?

But the free traders say that the prices of all agricultural products will increase; how then, workingmen, if your bread and flour, your beef, mutton and pork, your potatoes and vegetables, your apples and other fruits, all cost more than they do now? Is not food the great item of expense? And if it is higher, and wages cut one-half, is free trade going to be a boon to you?

But, you say, the free trader tells us that food will be cheaper. Very true. He tells the farmer, who produces our food, that it will be higher; he tells you, the consumer, that it will be cheaper. If free trade is to cut down the small profits of the farmer, is he fool enough to vote for it? If it cuts your wages and keeps food up, are you, workingmen, going to be fools enough to vote for it?

But you both, farmer and workingmen repeat the free trade talk about "the markets of the world." Don't you know that you have them now? There is not, and under our constitution cannot be, any export duty on American products. How will free trade help you, or either of you? Will it make foreign people eat more than they now do? Will it make them use more goods? Will it break down the tariff erected by every important country in the world except England?

Our great competitor for foreign trade is England. Can you compete with English manufacturers any better in Africa or China, or India, or Japan, than you can here at home? Is it wise to give them our market here at home for the purpose of contesting for a market in foreign lands?

WHAT MILLS MEANS.

There are not many intelligent American workingmen who do not know the abject condition of workers of the same class in European countries; and they will not be likely to vote for free trade after MR. MILLS'S declaration, in his East St. Louis speech, on September 25, that if the Democrats win the coming election, they "will pass a tariff bill that puts raw materials all on the free list, and put our own intelligent labor upon a plane of equality with the laborers of other countries."

To be put "on a plane of equality with the laborers" of Great Britain, the wages of American workmen would need to be reduced to less than half of what they average here, and father, mother and children would have to live in one room as human beings huddle in the miserable homes of English and Scotch work people.

To bring them down to a plane of equality with the work people of Belgium, our iron and steel workers would get but 60 cents a day instead of $2.60, and laborers would be reduced to 43 cents a day for men and 22 cents for women; and to put them on a plane of equality with labor in Italy, the pay of cotton hands would have to be reduced to 50 cents a day, of marble and stone cutters to 50 cents, of lace workers (women) to 10 cents!

And this is the prospect and the promise held out by the spokesman of the Democracy to the workmen of America if they will only vote to keep the Democracy in places of honor, trust and profit for another four years' term!

THE way the money flies under Democratic control is shown by the fact that the general appropriation bills, including the general deficiency, enacted at the present session of Congress, call for $305,886,113. The army takes $24,471,300; the navy, $19,943,389; the Postoffice department, $60,880,233; pensions, $81,758,700; rivers and harbors, $22,397,616. Then the Indian appropriation bill calls for $8,260,129, and the fortifications and big guns for $3,972,000. The legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill appropriates $20,758,178. There must be a multitude of deficiencies to make good, for the deficiency bills appropriate $19,621,471. In addition to the appropriations there are permanent annual fixed charges which the government has to meet, which are estimated at $115,000,000. Whether there will be more than $8,000,000 or $10,000,000 surplus on the 30th of June, 1889, is an interesting question in the Treasury department.

THE charge made by the Democratic papers in recent issues that the Republicans were preparing to carry on a corrupt campaign is of the greatest importance to the cause of protection and Republicanism. It means just what it always has meant. It is the same old cry that the Democracy has always taken up, when it was about to enter upon a scheme to purchase votes and debauch voters. The Republicans of New York especially must be on the alert, lest they lose the fruits of the splendid campaign that they have so far conducted in that state.

ONE of two things may be inferred from the desperate appeal of the Democratic state and national committees to the one hundred thousand clerks and other officials in every department and every state, from the frontier of Maine to the shores of Alaska. Possibly BRICE, whose history is that of a railroad wrecker, has also squandered the proceeds of CLEVELAND'S $10,000 check and of others, but it is also just possible that it is for buncombe, and that the "reformers" are piling up a fund for special service on election day.

THE English "salt trust," just formed, has a capital of £3,000,000 ($15,000,000), and is on the plan of all other trusts, with arrangements for closing a part of the works controlled by the "combine," reducing production and increasing prices. But this is in free trade England. How can the tariff be the cause of trusts?

NOTICE TO REGULAR SUBSCRIBERS.

The ten-cent offer we publish in another column, is for the sole purpose of attracting to our subscription list many thousand *new names.* Regular subscribers, whose time will not expire until after October, need not expect their time extended eight weeks for ten cents. In all cases of extension of time (except October extensions) we shall only credit *one month* for ten cents. We hope all October expirations will renew for one year, but rather than not to renew at all, we offer to admit them also eight weeks for ten cents. After November 1, we withdraw all short-time offers. Now will every subscriber see that one or more ten-cent NEW names are sent us before November 1?

THAT NEWARK ELECTION.

The municipal election in Newark, New Jersey, affords an example of the campaign of falsehood to which the free trade Democrats are reduced. They made a comparison with the vote at the Presidential election four years ago, and figured out a Democratic "gain" of over a thousand, and this was telegraphed far and wide as a Democratic "victory." This lie was for the purpose of making it appear that the protection issue was cutting no figure in the canvass in a great manufacturing city. But they dare not publish the facts in the case, and so stick to the lie with the pertinacity of a leech.

Newark shows considerable variation in her vote between the two parties, local issues largely determining the municipal contests. In 1886 the Republicans carried the municipal election in October by 375 plurality, while at the state election, one month later, the Democratic candidate for governor received a plurality of 1,662. In 1887, at the October municipal election, the Democratic candidate for mayor was elected by 1,305 plurality, while at the state election, in November, the Republicans carried the city by a plurality of 2,101. Hence it is clear that local issues dominate in the municipal contests, and that they are not indicative of how the city will go on state issues.

Now for the facts regarding the late municipal election, held on the 2d inst. There was no mayor chosen, and no city ticket. The vote was for one alderman in each of the fifteen wards, two members of the board of tax and water commissioners, two trustees of the City Home, and four members of the board of education. The city charter provides that each voter shall cast a ballot for but *one* member of the tax, water and City Home boards, with the intention of insuring minority representation thereon. There was no contest over these offices therefore, and the only actual contest between the parties was for an alderman from each ward. The majorities on these were as follows:

Republican wards.	Maj.	Democratic wards.	Maj.
First	207	Second	237
Third	290	Fourth	101
Eighth	737	Sixth	450
Ninth	485	Seventh	700
Tenth	49	Twelfth	724
Eleventh	305	Fifteenth	89
Thirteenth	59		
Fourteenth	471	Total	2,301
		Fifth ward, a tie.	
Total	2,503		
Rep. maj.	302		

Hence the cold fact is that while the Democrats carried the city on Mayor last year by 1,305, this year the Republicans carried it by 302. The Democrats are welcome to all the consolation they can get out of that.

HARRISON IN INDIANA.

The Chicago *News*, which is a mugwump paper, has sent a staff correspondent, Mr. E. CURTIS, to Indiana to write up the political situation in that state. His letters, from his mugwump sympathies with CLEVELAND, are not likely to be colored in the interests of the Republican party. Hence, it is interesting to find that he admits that the Republican chances are the more favorable for carrying Indiana; tha the Indiana mugwumps will vote for HARRISON (there were 5,000 of them in 1884); that HARRISON will run ahead of his ticket in Indianapolis, because he is most highly esteemed where he is best known; and that the personal attacks upon HARRISON have reacted to his advantage. Concerning the dollar-a-day lie, Mr. CURTIS says:

> The man Gould, who fathers all the stories about his conduct and utterances during the railroad strikes, is known here as a disreputable and worthless fellow, without character or following, and the respectable element of the Knights of Labor repudiates him. But it will be difficult to destroy the effects of his statements entirely. There are some of several Democrats, and of some workingmen, who have been driven to the support of Harrison by these attacks, and have talked with some of them.

road building had been overdone, and thousands of men engaged in that occupation were thrown out of work. The rail mills followed, blast furnaces and coal mines next, and the depression went on until all workingmen were involved. Wages went down all along the line.

87.—Mills's Claims.

SPARTA, ILL.—Mr. Mills, in his speeches, claims that the Mills bill reduces taxation $75,000,000. He claims $30,000,000 is taken off dutiable goods, and $20,000,000 is put on the free list. This leaves $25,000,000 yet that he says nothing about. Please tell me what this $25,000,000 is taken from, and oblige.—H. C. P.

Mr. Mills makes these claims because the Senate tariff bill will reduce the revenues from $75,000,000 to $80,000,000. The Mills bill, when first reported, was only claimed to reduce the revenue $50,000,000, and it would not do that—for the increase in importations on goods the duty on which would be reduced would increase the revenue over what it is now.

88.—Free Hides.

A. T., Morgantown, Ky.: We do not think the Republican party ever proposed to put a duty on raw cotton. The duty on it was taken off in 1846, we think, long before the Republican party was organized. The tin plate matter was fully explained in the Weekly BLADE of October 11, 4 th page, 8th column. The tin-plate factories were in Pennsylvania and New York. The reduction of duty in 1883 killed the industry. As to the matter of free hides: The duty on raw hides was taken off in 1872. It was but 10 per cent, and hence not protective; for, to raise hides, you must raise cattle. First class South American hides weigh twenty pounds each on an average, and are bought for eight cents a pound, or $1.60 each. The duty, therefore, was sixteen cents on a hide. It was a protection of sixteen cents, not on the production of a hide, but on the raising of a steer, as the steer must be raised to get the hide. Last year we imported hides to the value of $18,370,000. Had the 10 per cent duty remained in force, the revenue therefrom would only have been $1,837,000. Granting, for the sake of argument, that it was a tax, it would only have amounted to a tax of three cents per head on the whole population, or about one cent on each pair of $2 to $5 boots and shoes worn by the American people! The duty on a twenty-pound hide was only sixteen cents. One hide will make several pairs of boots or shoes. The tax, if a tax at all, could not have amounted to more than two cents at most on each pair of boots or shoes soled. Who got the two cents when the tariff was taken off? Did the consumer get it? Of course not! The difference was too small to make any reduction in retail prices. We need not seek to find out who did get it. It was absorbed by the manufacturer, jobber or retailer. The duty on hides was too small to have any effect on the production of hides. The abolition of the duty could have no effect on the price of leather or boots and shoes. The growth of the leather and boot and shoe business is due to the protective tariff on leather and on boots and shoes, and not to the abolition of a non-protective duty on raw hides.

89.—Rebates on Salt and Lumber.

SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH.—Wellington R. Burt, Democratic candidate for Governor of Michigan, in a speech in this city, said a Republican Congress enacted a law allowing a rebate of duty on salt when used in packing meat, etc., for export, and that Armour & Co., taking advantage of that law, use imported salt, and draw annually from the government $3,500 as rebate on the duty they pay. The amount of rebate, he stated, was 99 per cent of the whole duty. Also, that a similar provision was enacted in regard to lumber, and that the Standard Oil company used in their business vast quantities of imported lumber on which they were allowed a rebate of duties of 90 per cent, and that they drew from the government as rebate over $30,000. Please explain to me the provisions of the law referred to. When was it enacted, and was it a party measure? He left the impression it was a law enacted for the benefit of the two companies above named.

The provision of the tariff law regarding a rebate on imported salt is this:

Provided, That exporters of meats, whether packed or smoked, which have been cured in the United States with imported salt, shall, upon satisfactory proof, under such regulations as the secretary of the Treasury shall prescribe, that such meats have been cured with imported salt, have refunded to them from the treasury the duties paid on the salt so used in curing such exported meats, in amounts not less than $100.

The next clause makes the same provision with regard to salt used in curing fish. The clause above quoted was, we believe, passed in 1883. We do not find that there was any party issue made of it, or any charge that it was passed for the benefit of any firm of meat packers. It seems to us a very thin thing to use as an election dodge. Perhaps the fact that Burt is a salt manufacturer has something to do with it. It is a protection argument, if it is any argument at all. The other provision to which he alludes must be the following:

Barrels of American manufacture, exported, filled with domestic petroleum, and returned empty, under such regulations as the secretary of the treasury may prescribe, and casks, barrels, carboys, bags, and other vessels of American manufacture, exported filled with American products.

These are all on the free list. The Mills bill alters the wording, but preserves the same meaning. This provision is intended to facilitate our reaching "the markets of the world," which our free trade friends groan for so much. Their intent is plain—to sell abroad the contents of the barrels, casks, bags, etc., without compelling the foreign buyers to purchase them also, and returning them to be filled and exported again. We fail to see any objection to either provision.

90.—That Wool Tariff.

MASON, MICH.—The Democratic nominee for Congress in this (Sixth) district, O. F. Barnes, won the hearts of the free traders of this vicinity by informing them that the tariff on wool reduced the price of the domestic article in consequence of forcing manufacturers to pay a high price for foreign wool, which they are obliged to have, thus to equalize the price they are compelled to buy wool of our home producers at a correspondingly low figure.

This seems plausible, but it is not true. The foreign wools imported are of low grades, and used for the coarser uses, and for mixing with the fine American wools. This mixing is not necessary to be done, but it is done for the same reason that a liquor dealer mixes water with his whisky. Understand, they are not obliged to have foreign wools. The proof that the case is not as stated as regards price is seen in the reduction of the wool duty in 1883. That enabled foreign wools to come in cheaper, and the importation largely increased; but did the price of American wool increase also, as it should have done, if the above were true? Fleece washed XX wool fell from 42 cents a pound in 1882 to 34 cents in 1887, and is lower than that now. That settles the matter.

91.—An Obscure Query.

RISING SUN, O.—Why is it that when a tariff is placed on foreign goods that American goods decline? And when the tariff is taken off, our American goods advance?

The history of American manufactures proves that, when a protective duty is placed on goods not previously protected, manufactures are established, and the competition among the American makers runs the price down. Mr. MAHER's excellent articles show that this is true. We do not understand clearly what our correspondent means by the second question. An advance might occur, if the American manufacturers were driven out of that field, and into something else, and the foreign makers, having things all their own way, should increase prices on us.

Regulate the Regulator. With pure blood comes good health. Use Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and secure both. Best remedy. Largest bottle. For sale by all druggists.

Quite an Inferior Person.

Passenger (on the "limited"): "Are you the conductor of the Pullman car, sir?"

Conductor (meekly): "No, sir; I am merely the conductor of the train."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A POUND OF NAILS.

THE STORY THE TARIFF TELLS

About the Prices of Nails—Mr. Maher Gives Some Solid Facts.

What article can I mention that is so universally used in the house, the shop, or on the farm as a nail? When I was "on the road" I stopped at the smallest cross roads store, sure that if the proprietor handled nothing else in my line he was certain to deal in nails. If a man wanted a comprehensive text for a broad discourse on things in general, he would make no mistake to take "Nails" as his text, for he would find no condition of living in which they did not play a prominent part. Of course the Bible contains everything, and if I were looking for my text there I would turn to Isaiah, xxii, 23; "Fasten him as a nail in a sure place." Let us suppose we have the free trade parrot in this condition, and then discourse, for his benefit, on nails.

In the gold old days when there was no iniquitous war tariff, say as far back as 1855, when wages, and flesh and blood, were cheap, nails were sold to the wholesale trade in Toledo, as shown by the late John Whitaker's bills, at $3 62 per keg. Men of middle age, who can recall the conditions existing in 1855, will understand that $3.62 per keg for nails there would be fully equal to $7.24 now. The nails sold in Toledo, at that date, were bought in Albany, N. Y., and sent here by canal and lake. The price quoted is not the selling price in Toledo, but the jobbing price in Albany. The freight and dockage charges are to be added to this, and the jobber's profit, and the cost of sending inland to the retailer, and his profit, and it is safe to say that the farmer who bought a pound of nails in Ohio in 1855 paid at least 6 cents for it. If he exchanged produce for the nails he undoubtedly gave a pound of butter, or two dozen eggs for one pound of nails. There was no tariff tax then!

I listened to day to the history of an Ohio nail factory, as told by his honored wholesale dealer in this city, and I think it will be of interest in this connection.

About 1857 or '58 a nail factory in the Mahoning valley, that had bankrupted its owners, was offered to two men for less than a song. They had in ready means, between them, exactly $78. They decided to take the factory, agreeing to pay their men half their wages in cash, and half in store orders; the merchants in the town agreeing to accept these orders as cash, and carry them six months before demanding pay. This being arranged, one of the new firm started out to drum trade. Among other places he came to Toledo; he offered nails at a little lower price than eastern factories were selling for, gave six months' time, and no bile, and was successful in making enough sales to keep the factory running. At the end of the year the new concern was able to show a good business done, but at a loss for the year of $3,500.

They had nothing to be discouraged about, for they had nothing more to lose, so they kept on, hoping for something better. I have one of their bills for 1859, before me, and I see nails were then down to $3 15, which was thought by both dealers and consumers to be very low. Factory after factory, small though they were then, dropped out of the business which, even at these prices, was a losing one, until the boom of war times.

With the immediate demand for everything the war times the nail manufacturers of the country prospered. Nails went up to $7 50 per keg and came down very slowly. In 1867 they were selling at $6 50, in 1870 at $5. The nailers of the country were combined in a very strong union. Their work was laborious and required great skill. But the demand of war times had called into existence more factories than were needed to supply the ordinary business demands of the country. Who should step out? Every man was sure that the finger of duty pointed plainly at the other fellow. No one was ready to say, I will. The result was that a sullen, quiet war set in to squeeze out the nail mill that had long been and the nail consumers of the country, for fifteen years, have been reaping the profits made by the nail manufacturers in war times.

When this war reached the point where a reduction of the nailers' wages was demanded it struck a snag. The men were united and powerful, and they believed that had the manufacturers under their control. It was decided to stop by cutting in prices, and reduce the production. It was shown that the nail mills were making in nine months all that the country consumed in twelve. With this state of facts it was decided to run but nine months, and an agreement to this effect was made. The agreements of this kind are entered into only to be broken by some of the signers. It was so in this case.

The cutting in prices went on; nails went down to the price of '50; went lower; went lower yet, and are declining yet. A cut in the nailers' wages was inevitable and agreed upon. The men promptly struck. The history of that strike is still fresh in hardware men's minds. As in the '50's, the Western once more began to handle Massachusetts nails. The men showed such a bitter, determined spirit, that the inventive genius of the country was called into requisition to supply machinery to do what men had done up to this time.

The call was promptly met. Self-feeding machines were invented, and to-day a boy can handle six of these and does more work than a man could do three years ago, and a trifling fraction of the man's wages.

But the Fates were still more kind to the consumer of nails. Processes of converting iron into steel have so multiplied, and so cheapened the cost of the latter that steel nails were sent out at but 50 cents per keg over those of iron. The country looked at this with wonder, but the small margin between the two has steadily decreased, and is barely perceptible to-day.

Thus with nails, as with everything, the fierce competition among American manufacturers has brought down prices, so that to-day a keg of steel nails at the factory can be bought for $1.75 by the hardware jobber. Less than one half its price in 1855, although, sad to relate, we have lived so long under an iniquitous tariff! And how about your butter, good farmer? Does it require a pound of it to-day to buy a pound of nails? Have the workshops of the country compelled you also to come down in price? Say, in the cross-roads' store to-day a pound of butter pays for ten pounds of nails, of a quality so superior that those of 1855 could not be given away now.

Would it have been this way if our nails were still made for us in England? Hark to the answer by the parrot on the Democratic banner:

The tariff is a tax! WM. H. MAHER.

The Parrot Finds a Friend.

New York Press.

An English manufacturer, dressed in English clothes, with an English eyeglass and an English cane, was walking along the Bowery yesterday when the parrot screamed out:

"The tariff is a tax!"

"Of course it is," said the young man. "All my money is invested in a mill in England. We make book-binders' cloth. We have to get our cotton from America, pay the freight across the water, make it into cloth, box it up and freight it back again, pay a duty of 35 per cent, and then sell it for the same price as the American product. The blasted American would like to undersell us, but he can't, you know, because the freight and duty make up the difference between wages in America and wages in England."

"The tariff is a tax," said the parrot, almost dancing a jig on his perch for joy because he had at last found a friend.

"Yes," said the Englishman; "it is a tax on me for the benefit of American workmen. Abolish that tax, and in three months I'll have the market to myself, unless wages drop at least one-half on this side of the water."

"The tariff is a tax," reiterated the bird, and fell to combing out his feathers with a sense of contentment noticed by every passer by.

EVERY one for himself and God for us all. If you do not help yourself no one will help you; to rid yourself of dyspepsia, consumption or malaria, all the help you need you will find in Warner's Log Cabin Hops and Buchu Remedy. 150 doses $1. Try it.

Graphic and Truthful.

Ohio State Journal.

HARRISON, HOME HONEST HEAVY MORTON, MARKETS. MEN. MAJORITIES.

Renewing Acquaintanceship.

Uncle Rastus—'Skuse me, sah, but am dis not Mistah Johnsing, whom I met last night?

Mr. Johnsing—De same, sah; and dis am Mistah Rastus Whitewash, ef I mistakes not. How is yo' feelin', sah, arter de effecks ob de ebinen?

Uncle Rastus—Poo'ly, sah, poo'ly. Wud yo' jine me in er drink?

Mr. Johnsing — Wif pleasure, Mistah Whitewash. Obco'se I don' believe in bein' promiscus, but eben chickencoop acquaintances sometimes turns out to be wery pleasant, sah.

PIMPLES

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POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, U. S. A. Send for "How to Purify and Beautify the Skin."

OREGON'S WOOL LOSSES.

The Effect of the Agitation Over the Mills Bill—A Practical Lesson.

LONE ROCK, Ore., Oct. 13.—EDITOR BLADE:—I promised you some time ago that I would send you some wool statistics as effected by the promulgation of the Mills bill, and the apprehension of its passing. Mr. Blake, our Gilham county sheep inspector, was at my house last evening, accompanied by Mr. David Smith, one of our prominent men, and a large sheep raiser. Both these gentlemen have good opportunities to learn the exact status of the Oregon sheep and wool business. Mr. Blake, the sheep inspector, is a Southern man, and has always been a pronounced Democrat, but Cleveland's ruinous and inconsistent policy has made him a good Republican protectionist.

Mr. Blake states, and Mr. Smith agrees with him, that Oregon has lost over a million in the decrease in wool values alone since Cleveland's message. That the county of Gilliam has lost about $80,000, and Morrow and Grant, adjacent counties, have respectively lost $100,000 and $175,000. The population of the whole state of Oregon when the census was taken in 1880, was, to the best of my recollection, 218,000. Since then we have had a decided increase, but not enough to swell the population much over 300,000. Now when one considers that wool is the great industry of Oregon and that other industries are affected by it, one can scarcely reckon of the great loss that has occurred to the state during the past year. It is no consolation to the ruined sheep raiser, nor to the impoverished farmer, who gains and loses with his patron, the sheepman, that perhaps if the Mills bill had passed, he might have been saved the enormous sum of 90 cents a year.

Some years ago my family were given a free ticket to a theatrical performance. We all went, and I, as the head of the family, carried a well filled purse (that I was afraid to leave at home) with the woeful result that my pocket was picked, and the show was the dearest one I had ever attended. Mr. Blake further states that the sheepmen reckon that their loss on sheep is about 50 cents a head. Mr. Smith agrees with Mr. Blake, and both gentlemen gave me figures to confirm their statement. They both laughed at Cleveland's wool figures, and his calculation that only the sheepman himself is benefited by sheep raising. Mr. Blake says that a few weeks ago he was calculating with Mr. Hilton, our newly elected State senator for Gilliam and Wasco counties, about the number of people who depended upon his sheep for their living, and they found that the number was over one hundred and fifty. And that number did not include the farmers who were benefited by Mr. Hilton's buying hay and produce of them. Mr. Hilton owns 10,000 sheep, Mr. Blake owns 4,400, and Mr. Smith owns several thousand, and they are not considered big sheepmen in comparison with some of the sheep owners of Morrow, Grant and Crook.

But you can judge how many people get their living from just the three gentlemen I have mentioned. The million of losses only refer to the wool business alone. I have no means of estimating the entire losses to all occupations in Oregon occasioned by the free traders. I only know that money was never so hard to get, nor were there ever before as many farmers putting mortgages on their lands at ruinous rates of interest. Mr. Smith tells me that in Linn county alone, wool that sold last year for 25 cents a pound, only brought from 12 to 15 cents this year. To say that in the face of such losses any sane man is going to vote to keep them up, is quite unnecessary. Disgusted Democrats and "Rebs" are coming into the Republican ranks every day. I don't know of an Irishman in this county who is going to vote the Democratic ticket, though they all voted for Cleveland in 1884; as for the Germans, they are a unit.

Intelligent Pacific Coast people laugh at Cleveland's fishery and Chinese edges to get their votes. They know that Harrison never was in favor of admitting Chinese. They know his record was sound and loyal to his whole country. Voters understand that Cleveland and Bayard did everything they could to defeat the laborers of this coast, two years ago, in their desire to keep out these barbarians. Besides Oregon has never suffered as California has from Chinese. The wages of the laboring men have always been high. In fact, the expenses of stockmen are increasing all the time, while their profits are lessening. We are all anxious for the election to be over, for Cleveland's success means ruination to us. But we hope as our losses have swelled our Republican vote so enormously that other States will be as wise in voting as we are, and that Harrison and Morton—men who will protect the whole country—will be our next President and Vice President. MOUNTAIN ASH.

THE NEW YORK GIRL.

One of the "Great" Ones Who Gave a Dude His Due.

The girl part of New York is great.

There is every kind of girl there that has ever been made, could be made, or would like to be made, and a few of them at least are somewhat curious creatures.

The average girl is generally pleased at the admiring glance bestowed upon her as she trips her high-heeled way up Broadway or Fifth avenue, according to her business. The Fifth avenue walker usually tips her dainty nose a trifle higher at the glance, but nevertheless a little flutter of pleasure thrills through her as she thinks "another."

Girls who make a practice of walking on Broadway until they are thoroughly well known, who dress conspicuously, and although not fast in the entire sense of the word, endeavor to attract attention, should not be surprised if they are spoken to by men who are always ready to admire and make fools of themselves over each pretty face they see. That sort of thing is not to be wondered at when the men are sufficiently encouraged, but, unhappily, many sensible, well-behaved girls have to suffer, too. It is a pity that the "working girl" is ever pretty, for her beauty is often her ruin. She is subject to much annoyance from men, as her hours for being on the street are early and late. However, they soon become used to it, and are able to choke off the advances of the would-be mashers.

One of the exceptionally pretty girl clerks of Sterns's, while going home the other evening, was thus accosted by the sweetest dudelet:

"Ah! good evening."

"Good evening," she replied.

"Nice evening," he said.

"Nice evening," she replied. Then she looked at him for a moment and said in a solemn voice: "Let me give you a bit of good advice; you go home and tell your mother to wash your face, spank you well and put you to bed." The dude looked much hurt, and left her to go her own way in peace.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

The Parrot and the Old Man.

New York Press.

The Bowery parrot was enjoying the sun yesterday, as the cage had been placed on a three-legged stool on the sidewalk in front of the abode of this remarkable bird. A man, evidently a wage earner, of 60, was passing and paused as the bird said in its most insinuating way:

"The tariff is a tax."

"Now that won't do," said the man of 60, "for I know better. A few nights ago I heard a Democratic orator say I was 'taxed nearly 100 per cent on my blankets.' Not believing this statement I looked up some old bills which I had among my papers and found that blankets such as my son, who was recently married, paid $1 90 and $2.58 for, cost me in 1860, $3.50 and $3 75. Further inquiry brought out the fact that blankets that sell to-day for $1.02 sold in 1860 for $2. The blanket that sells now for $1.45 sold in 1860 for $2 50. The blanket that sells now for $1 31 sold in 1860 for $2.25. The blanket that sells now for $4 95 sold for $7 50 in 1860. The blanket that sells for $5.85 now, sold for $10 in 1860. The blanket that sells now for $6.80 sold for $13 in 1860. Come, old bird, how do you get over these facts?"

"The tariff is a tax," screamed the bird, plucking a feather from his head by way of emphasizing the wisdom of his conclusion.

INVENTIVE GENIUS.

WHAT SHARE HAS IT TAKEN

In Cheapening the Price of Goods?—A Timely Question Considered by Mr. Maher.

I am told that in showing how prices have been reduced in the past 30 years, I have overlooked the share in that of the inventive minds of the country, and that I am giving credit to our protective tariff that should properly belong to the patent office.

I was able once to see the evolution of a labor-saving machine, and when I hear the large claims made for our inventive minds, I go back to the days when I watched that machinist work out his invention.

In the factory in Connecticut where I was working, in 1860, there were employed fifteen or twenty men to weave cuffs for undershirts and drawers. These men were English and German; born and reared in the old country; full of all the peculiarities of their native lands. The Englishmen were typical John Bulls; jolly when stroked the right way, ugly and stubborn as mules if they fancied their rights and privileges were trod upon.

The looms in use were the old-fashioned hand looms that had been worked from the time such goods were first made; the shuttle thrown back and forth by hand; the pressure regulated by treadles, worked with the feet. It was hard work, requiring the use of every muscle in the body, as well as a good and quick eye. The weavers earned large wages, as compared with other men there, and their work being such that it could not be learned quickly, they were very independent, and did about as they pleased.

One of their pleasures was to lie off a longer or shorter time every month, after pay-day, indulging in good old ale; and it didn't matter to them if cuffs were needed or not.

There was a machinist in the factory whose duty it was to repair these looms when repair was needed. As he worked now here on one, now there, and watched the looms at work, the thought came into his mind that it might be possible to make a machine which would have gears, cams and eccentrics to do what the weaver did with his hands, arms and legs, but to do it better and faster.

The thought grew. His proposed machine took shape in his mind, and at length he spoke of it to the superintendent. He was told to go ahead and get it up, and during the two or three years he was making drafts, and patterns, and experimenting, he drew his pay every month as regularly as any other man around the factory.

His experience was probably similar to that of every man who started out on the same path. The ideas that seemed the most hopeful, at the start, were the ones soonest found to be failures; while new devices were thought of to accomplish the desired result. That machine was "finished" and "perfect" a dozen times; only to learn afterwards that a perfect machine in theory was a failure in practice. But at last it was completed and exposed to the curious eyes of the old workmen. It was set in place, a belt attached to it from a shaft overhead, and a bright girl picked out to run it. What a pretty thing it was, to one who had an eye for machinery! Here, a peculiar wheel did what the old cuff-weaver's foot had done. There, a gear caught it, and took the place of the old weaver's arms. Now, whizz! a spring had sent the shuttle better than the weaver's hands had ever done.

It was a success. It was not cranky or ugly, for it had no headaches, or sour stomachs. It did not go on a "spree" every payday, and if work was to be pushed it did its best without grumbling, whether 10 hours a day, or 15. With this machine an 18-year old girl did the work of three men, her duty being simply to watch the threads and piece them as they needed piecing. She was paid, $16 per week, or $24 per month, owning to the owners of the factory at least $125 per month.

Did this reduce the cost of the goods to the consumer? Not one cent. It was a clear saving to the manufacturer, and continued to be so long as I had any knowledge of the business. I only mention this incidentally. The point I am making is this: That machinist would never have thought of the machine, but for the fact that he saw the old looms at work, and worked among them himself.

Men do not gather figs from thistles, nor do they evolve machines until they are full of the needs that the machine is intended to fill. If the inventive genius of our country has been active the past 25 years, it is primarily because the land was well covered with factories, where scope was given the inventive mind to work out its visions and put its dreams in form. A major part of these inventions and improvements are happy accidents. They are not the evolutions of a mind from nothing, but discoveries of minds fitted to make and see closely, and with our better paid labor, more intelligent workmen, and more ambitious people, it is no wonder that, a nation, we excel the world in our inventive skill.

But while theorists may prate of what our inventive genius has done for the consumers of goods, the men who have made these inventions will thankfully acknowledge, that if they had not been taught in the workshop, they would never have conceived their machines and improvements.

But do our free traders realize that their glib talk about patents is of the kind that reacts on themselves? How many things are made to-day that are not, in some way, covered by patents? Very few. And what effect has a patent on a patented article? None. The one monopoly granted by the government of the United States, is the monopoly granted with a patent. The whole machinery of the United States courts may be called into play to protect the man who holds a patent from the United States patent office. Let our tariff be high, or let it be low, the manufacturer of the patented article cares not. If you want his goods you must pay his price. And I have been quite interested in seeing several men who manufactured patented articles, and consequently sell the goods at their own price, explain how business would grow if they had free raw material!

This is plain to me; the protection given American labor caused factories to spring up all over the land. Competition among these factories led them to offer large premiums to the inventive minds of the land, for processes, or machinery, to cheapen the cost of manufacture so that one concern could get ahead of its neighbors. This demand has been supplied on a magnificent scale so that to-day we have the grandest body of mechanics in the world; not simply true with hand and eye, but men of broad ideas, active minds, and too intelligent not to see that protection to American labor has given them the opportunity to be what they are.

But the triumphs of the past are as nothing to the promises of the future. Insure American workmen a continuance of the policy that has made them what they are, and the coming decade will witness a gulf so wide between them and their brethren in Europe, that labor there will, through desperation, have courage to assert itself, and not be satisfied to take the bones thrown to it from the tables of men who fancy they are "masters."

WM. H. MAHER.

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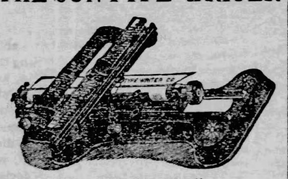

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in Europe, that labor there will, through desperation, have courage to assert itself, and not be satisfied to take the bones thrown to it from the tables of men who fancy they are "masters."

WM. H. MAHER.

WE'VE GOT 'EM ON THE LIST.

AIR—"We've got 'em on the list," from the Mikado.

The Democratic party in November will be downed;
It never can exist; it never should exist;
And its shattered constitution will be voted underground,
But it never will be missed, it never will be missed;
And that Presidential soldiers—who can veto with a laugh
Bills to pension needy soldiers—special objects of his wrath—
Yes, he who sent a substitute—in Buffalo grew fat—
Ben Harrison will veto him, you may depend on that.
We're going to put him on the "innocuous desuetude"-ed list
But he will not be missed, but he will not be missed.

CHORUS—We've got him on the list.
And he will not be missed;
Republicans enlist,
For Harrison enlist.

Here's a miller by the name of Mills, who wants to introduce
An English Free Trade grist—on which we can't subsist.
But the people say "Protection" is the best they ever used;
So Free Trade won't be missed, no, Free Trade won't be missed,
And those Democratic statesmen who went forth in '61,
And, headed by Jeff Davis, helped to fire rebellion's gun,
Now try to run the government for loyal men and true,
Who never raised a hand against the old "Red, White and Blue,"
But Harrison in ousting "rebs" will gallantly assist,
And they will not be missed—by loyal men be missed.

CHORUS—We've got 'em, &c.,
And they, &c.

There used to be a surplus in the Treasury, big and round;
And that is what is missed—Republicans have missed.
Some Democrats have squandered it, and now it can't be found;
But we've got 'em on the list—our special rascal list,
There's another little matter that you've often heard about;
Some flags were captured in the war, their folders put to rout.
Cried Cleveland, "I shall send them back"; the soldiers shouted "No!"
So Grover crawfished out and said, "Well, Dan, it ain't so go,"
For "Honest Ben" with all his men unitedly insist—
The flags shall not be missed—from Washington be missed.

CHORUS—We've got 'em, &c.,
And they, &c.

They say, "We've got the Solid South," well, what if that is so?
It hardly would be missed—would really not be missed.
New York and Indiana, both, Republican will to swell the Northern list—for Harrison the list.
There's Oregon, Vermont and Maine, have written their downfall
By fairly won majorities, to be increased this fall.
And when the "Grand Old Party" wins a victory for the right,
The Democrats will be so mad that they'll almost want to fight,
But Harrison will go right on, like they did not exist,
For they will not be missed—in victory be missed,
Chorus—We've got 'em, etc.
And they, etc.

The Fond Parent.

"What shall I do with my boy?" queried a fond parent of a correspondent of the *Evening Sun* recently. "He is 16 years of age and too old to spank, and yet for pure, unadulterated cussedness, I have yet to meet his equal. He will smoke. He will imbibe occasionally. He will indulge in bad language. He won't attend school. I am at my wit's end."

"Has he an allowance?" inquired the reporter.

"Yes. Five a week," replied the almost tearful mother.

"Then fine him. Fine him when he smokes if you don't wish him to smoke. Deduct a dollar from his stipend when he looks upon the flowing bowl. Dock him when he uses bad language, and every time he plays hookey or refuses to study chip a dollar or two off his salary. That will bring him to terms."

About three weeks after he had given this advice the reporter again called at the home of the fond parent.

"How does the fine system work on George?" he asked.

"Oh, only tolerably well. Poor boy! The first week I fined him to the full amount, and he didn't have a cent left. The second week his fines amounted to $7, and as the poor fellow couldn't possibly pay it, on his $3 allowance, why I—well I increased his allowance to $10, and now he's as bad as ever. I think he is incorrigible."—*New York Evening Sun.*

It Was Awfully Rude, You Know.

Freddy—I say, old boy, they tell me you've broke with Miss Tiddiwink. How the deuce did it come about?

Harry—I found her out, old chappie. She wasn't a bit nice, don't you know. I was real mad, quite desperate, you know, and I was going to slap him, you know, and what do you think he did?

Freddy—Couldn't imagine 'pon honor.

Harry—Oh, he was awfully rude, don't you know; he actually doubled up his fist at me.

Freddy—You don't mean it! It makes me feel faint to think of such ferocity.

Harry—Really, I think I should have swooned myself; but Miss Tiddiwink actually laughed. It saved me from fainting, but I was so annoyed, don't you know, that I gave her one of my terrible glances. She understood that it was all over between us. A fellah has to be firm, don't you know, or the girls would never respect him.—*Boston Transcript.*

Medicated Milk Fresh From the Cow.

The most interesting thing in the establishment is its Normandy farm, in which one can take a medicated milk cure. Milk in France to-day has become the panacea of all diseases. It regenerates the old and perpetuates youth in the young. Now Normandy milk is renowned in all the land, and Dr. Caraman, the physician of the establishment, has discovered a way of reaching a double cure. The cows which are reserved for the milk cure are made to drink ferruginous water and thus give medicated milk, which nourishes and strengthens the system at the same time. This novel idea has already had very good results, and it is a system worthy of a trial in America.—*Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.*

Boston Ahead of Philadelphia.

A prominent legal firm in this city which does a great deal of business for a rich mercantile concern lately rendered a bill which the senior partner of the mercantile establishment, who was accustomed to liberal charges, thought was too high. He therefore took the bill to the law firm and asked the chief to look it over and see if it was all right. The account was subsequently returned with $10 added for "advice as to the reasonableness of the bill." It is doubtful if a Philadelphia lawyer could get ahead of that.—*Boston Journal.*

A Paraphrase.

No acids do in kisses lie;
Who would for honey kisses barter?
Yet when one comes to say "good by,"
Then kisses are the cream of "ta, ta."
—*Boston Courier.*

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!

Over a Million Distributed.

L. S. L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company

Incorporated by the Legislature in 1868, for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually (June and December, and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place on each of the other ten months in the year, and are all drawn in public at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
Jubal A. Early
Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
PIERRE LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

GRAND MONTHLY DRAWING
In the Academy of Music, New Orleans,
Tuesday, November 13, 1888.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $300,000

100,000 Tickets at Twenty Dollars each. Halves, $10; Quarters, $5; Tenths, $2; Twentieths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF	$300,000 is	$300,000
1 PRIZE OF	100,000 is	100,000
1 PRIZE OF	50,000 is	50,000
1 PRIZE OF	25,000 is	25,000
2 PRIZES OF	10,000 are	20,000
5 PRIZES OF	5,000 are	25,000
10 PRIZES OF	1,000 are	10,000
100 PRIZES OF	500 are	50,000
200 PRIZES OF	300 are	60,000
500 PRIZES OF	200 are	100,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
100 Prizes of $500 are		50,000
100 Prizes of $300 are		30,000
100 Prizes of $200 are		20,000
TERMINAL PRIZES.		
999 do.	100 are	99,900
999 do.	100 are	99,900
3,134 Prizes amounting to		$1,054,800

NOTE—Tickets drawing Capital Prizes are not entitled to Terminal Prizes.

For CLUB RATES, or any further information desired, write legibly to the undersigned, clearly stating your residence, with State, County, Street and Number. More rapid return mail delivery will be assured by your enclosing an Envelope bearing your full address.

Send POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders, or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed

M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.
or M. A. DAUPHIN,
Washington, D. C.

Address Registered Letters to
NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,
New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER That the presence of Generals Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of these drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity, that the chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what number will draw a Prize.

REMEMBER, also, that the payment of Prizes is GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS of New Orleans, and the Tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest Courts; therefore, beware of any imitations or anonymous schemes.

Publishers' Column.

CHRIST ON CALVARY.

A New Picture.

The many thousands of our subscribers who have purchased of us the magnificent engraving of "Christ before Pilate," announced the past few months in this column, will be pleased to know that we are now prepared to furnish an excellent companion picture of CHRIST ON CALVARY. Orders filled at once. Price 25 cents, postpaid by mail. A description is unnecessary. Fully equal to the first engraving, and by the same artist.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

ALL-HALLOW-EVE.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Golden, glorious October is rapidly passing away, and although this year the days when the air is soft and filled with radiance are fewer than usual, yet there have been enough to make us vividly recall other Octobers that were veritable dreams of beauty from the beginning to the close, when the enjoyment was so keen that a time of frolic like that of Hallowe'en seemed the only fitting conclusion.

Long, long ago, before the wise men of the East saw the brilliant star that heralded Christ's coming—an event that changed so many of the old thoughts and ideas—a feast was celebrated upon the last evening in October. The Druids, who were the priests of the ancient Celts, instituted three great festivals during the year, which commemorated, or celebrated, the sowing of seed, the ripening of the grain, and its harvesting. These occurred respectively upon the first of May, the 21st of June and the night before the first of November. Great fires were lighted at the latter time upon the hill-tops, and when the people saw the light streaming up to the sky, they knew that majestic and sacred rites were going forward, and that the season of rejoicing was at hand. Then, too, grew up the belief that fairies were abroad, and that they exercised a deeper and stronger influence over the fortunes of mortals at that time than at any other season of the year.

When the old Druidical religion gave way to the Christian church these festivals were not swept away, the priests well understanding that they were too close to the hearts of the people, but the meaning was changed, and the evening was named All-Hollow because it preceded All-Saints-Day, which was the first of November. And still the frolics, the fortune-telling, and the rites of divination went on as of old, just as they do to-day.

So much for the beginning of the custom that makes Hallowe'en observed in this prosaic age, not as a religious festival in any sense, but simply as a time for frolic, and, truth compels me to add, principally in many places, for small boys who celebrate by carrying off gates, ringing door bells, with sundry other devices that can only have birth in a boy's brain, even if it started with a boy living two thousand years ago.

Hallowe'en parties are, however, quite in vogue in some parts of the country, entertained with various amusements that are appropriate to the season, and the more old fashioned and funny or grotesque they are, the better. Modern ways of passing the time and modern refreshments should be discarded entirely, for the object is fun and frolic and not fashionable elegance. The feast should only include nuts, apples and doughnuts, and to carry out the idea properly, the gentlemen should crack the nuts. Molasses candy may be added to the *menu*, but it should be home made and "pulled" by the fair hands of the guests of evening.

The rooms should not be brilliantly illuminated. Places in the country may have large bonfires kindled in front of the house, in imitation of the old Druidical hill-fires, but inside there should be shadowy corners and dark nooks to make it seem like the old-time days, when the fortune-telling was really believed in, instead of being simply a frolic as now.

Some of the ways of divining the future and the games for fun I will describe, for the benefit of those who have been inquiring about the matter.

Take three small funnels and stand them in a row upon the floor, 18 or 20 inches apart, then have three tincups partially filled with water balanced upon the small ends. Each member of the party must jump over each cup successively, and whoever jumps over all without upsetting any of them, will soon be married. One tipped over defers the happy event somewhat; two upset puts it off until late in life, and if all three go over, single blessedness is the certain fate of the unfortunate individual.

Another way is to go blindfolded to the garden patch and pull up the first cabbage stalk found. If it is straight or crooked, large or small, pleasant or coarse in taste so shall the character of the future mate be read. Should this be tried where there is no garden patch, several cabbages, or beets, parsnips, or carrots may be ranged upon a table and the choice made from them there.

Then there is what used to be called the "trial of three luggies," meaning three dishes, which are bowls arranged upon the hearth stone. In one is clear water; the water in the second is milky, and in the third bowl, there is nothing. The person is blindfolded and led up to them. Should the hand be dipped in clear water, the future mate will be a maid or bachelor; if in the milky, a widow or widower, while fingers seeking the empty bowl will go unclasped in marriage to the end of life. This must be tried three times, and in order to make it certain, the hand must seek the same bowl twice.

Few people there are, who, in their youthful days have not tried the test of friendship by means of the roasting nuts. I well remember many times putting two chesnuts upon a hot shovel over the grate, one named for a friend whose love I valued as beyond price, and the other for myself, and then breathlessly watching the result. Quietly burning side by side, and my heart was at rest; but did they pop open and fly apart, woe was me. This too is a Hollowe'en custom.

Another play which affords much merriment upon Hallowe'en is twirling the platter. Old fashioned pewter plates are the thing to use, but in their absence a round tin will do. The party is seated in a ring, one stands in the center and when the word is given the plate receives a twirl, and she calls out the name of some other person, who must jump and seize it before it stops twirling. This goes on until some one fails, and then the punishment is named to the guilty one by the person calling, but in an undertone so that no one else can hear. When a sufficient number have failed, the room is darkened down until a dim religious light prevails, the rest join hands around the criminals and sing in a lugubrious tone some ditty, when the performance of the penances begin.

"Trying for a raisin" is another funny Hallowe'en custom. A good solid raisin is strung upon a soft cotton string and placed exactly in the middle of it, or about 18 or 20 inches from the ends. Two persons who are trying for the prize each take an end in the mouth and begin chewing as fast as possible—the raisin being the property of the one first reaching it.

And so we might go on with these old games indefinitely, all of them handed down through the centuries, and all having in the beginning some meaning now lost sight of. One thing must always be remembered: No Hallowe'en party is considered according to rule when any modern mode of entertainment is introduced.

Sometimes the guests wear an old and fantastic garb, the more grotesque the better. It should be one that will not suffer from accident, as pulling candy, jumping over dippers of water, etc., are rather dangerous operations.

The party should always close at midnight. The last game is "bobbing for apples," which is so well known as hardly to need description. In a tub full of cold water, rosy cheeked apples are placed, and then the game is to take them out with the teeth. It looks easy, but ——. Finally all join in singing the following:

"Hark, ye neighbors, and hear us tell,
Twelve now strikes on the evening bell!
Now, friends, good night. For these pleasures given,
Let praises ascend from all to Heaven."

Less than a week remains until our 10-cent offer expires. See that your neighbors each send us a dime for the BLADE.

SEND THEM IN—A WORD TO THE WOMEN WHO READ THE BLADE.

So many inquiries come from time to time to the editor of the HOUSEHOLD regarding the noted women of America—those whose work has made them prominent—that to answer them she will write a series of articles giving some account of the lives and characters of these persons, each article being accompanied whenever possible with the picture of the individual. This series will run over a period of three months, beginning the middle of November, or the first of December, the exact period depending upon the time consumed in their preparation.

In order that this series may include those most interesting to the largest number, Miss Bouton would like to receive from each member of the HOUSEHOLD, or woman reader of the BLADE, a postal card upon which is the name of the American woman of prominence now living, whom the sender most desires to know about. These postals will be received until November 1, at which time they will be assorted, and the twelve names which have received the largest number of votes will be those selected for the series. Do not fail to send in your preference as early as possible. We hope to hear from every member. Address your postals, thus:

THE BLADE,
Toledo,
Ohio.
Household Dept.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATIONS.

CRYSTALIZED FLOWERS.—These make a beautiful winter decoration. The flowers should first be dried in sand. Then dissolve as much alum in boiling water as it will hold. When this is done, pour it off and boil the solution down one-half. Next take the flowers and suspend them from a net work of strings across the top of a pail in such a way that the blossom will hang downward. Pour the boiling alum water in carefully so that the flowers are completely covered, and leave them undisturbed from twelve to fifteen hours. Do not allow them to touch anything. They must be handled very carefully when removed.

Sprays of grass or branches of evergreen may be made to look very pretty by dipping them into a solution of gumarabic water and then sprinkling them thickly with powdered isinglass.[—ED.

Sweet Pea Lamp Lighters.—Cut a strip of white paper half an inch wide and eight inches long, roll and twist in the usual way between the thumb and finger. Cut two pieces of tissue paper, one red and one white, in shape of a heart, but left half an inch wide at the point. Crimp down the center with a pin, paste or gum on the lighter, first the white and then the red one. Bend in shape. When in a vase they look like a bouquet of sweet peas, and are very pretty.—ADELE.

A bunch of white immortelles may be fastened to a card covered with crimson satin or plush, or a cluster of pressed autumn leaves would be effective on a black velvet or satin card, or one covered with pale blue or old gold.—ADELE.

Alum Basket.—Will answer an inquiry, I saw some time since, asking how to make an alum basket. First form your basket out of old hoops, wire, or reeds, any shape you desire; wrap these neatly with old muslin torn into narrow strips, about half an inch wide; ravel these a little; it is best when well wound and tacked with thread. Take coarse white thread and cross on bottom back and forth in squares or diamonds. Take a bright brass or copper kettle and put enough water into it to cover the basket, about two inches; add one pound of alum and let come to a boil; when alum is dissolved set the kettle where it will not be jarred; swing the basket by threads all under the water, but not to touch the bottom; fold a sheet over the kettle so as to cool slowly. If kept still the alum will collect evenly, but if jarred will not. It may be warmed and dipped the second time if not perfect.—MRS. R. N. BARTLETT, Glenwood, Ala.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t to, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; o ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; o t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

KNITTED JACKET.—3½ oz. white split zephyr worsted—Cast 200 stitches on steel needles, using two needles—k 1 across plain, then seam two and two for 5 purls. Make a row of holes by putting zephyr over twice and narrowing. Knit 4 purls more, narrowing two and two. Knitting but one of the loops and dropping the other, then put the stitches on large sized ivory or wooden needles. Knit 35 purls plain garter st. Then divide 60 for each front, leaving 80 for back. Knit 30 purls on each, then 16 purls, narrowing on each side of the back, and one side each side of the fronts. Bind off. After the shoulders are sewed up take stitches on neck on the steel needles, seaming two and for 7 purls, then row of holes, and 7 more purls. Bind off. Sleeves—cast 70 stitches—knit 85 purls garter st plain. Transfer to steel needles, knitting one row plain, and then seaming two and two, 58 purls. Bind off. Draw ribbon through hole at neck and bottom. The sleeves should be made for arm size, but must be stretched and made to go in. I have seen this jacket, and it is very nice to wear when flannels are left off, or before putting on in the fall. It can also be worn over corsets with flannels.—ADELE.

SHOULDER CAPE.—I send directions, per request, for shoulder cape. Hope they are plain: Six skeins of Saxony yarn, bone hook. Chain 40, turn; 1t in 4th and 5th stitches, 3 in 6th, 1 in 7th and 8th, *, miss 1, 2 in next 2, 3 in 3d, 2 in next 2, *, repeat from star to star, to end of chain, making 12 gores. 2d row—Chain 3, 1, treble in 2d tr of shell, always catching back loop of st, 1 tr in 3d, 5 in 4th, 1 in 5th and 6th, *, missing last st; miss 1st st of next shell or gore and put 1 treble in 2 and 3, 5 trs in 4 and 1 in 5 and 6, *. Repeat from * to * to end of row. 3d row—Chain 3, 2, 1, tr in 2, 5, 4, 3 trs in 5th, 1 tr in 6, 7, 8th, missing 1st, 2 and 1st of next shell, *. Repeat from *. 4th row—Chain 3, *, 1 tr in 2, 3, 4, each, 5 trs in 5th, 1 tr in each of 6, 7, 8, miss last st and the first on the next shell, *. Repeat from *. 5th row—Ch 3, *, 1 tr in 2, 3, 4, 5 of shell, 3 trs in 6th, 1 tr in 7, 8, 9, 10, miss last st and first on next sh, *. Repeat from *. 6th row—Ch 3, *, 1 tr in 3, 4, 5, 6, 5 trs in 6th, 1 tr in 7, 8, 9, 10, miss last st and first of next shell, *. Repeat from *. Continue making 3 in center of sh one time and 5 the next until you have 8 on the side and 3 in the center, or 19 on each shell or gore; then 4 rows with 3 in center and one with 5, till you have the cape as long as you would like, then finish with shells on front and neck and fringe the bottom or leave plain, run ribbon in between gores. Remember, every time you put 5 in center, the next row you have one more on each side of the gore. I will send the spider-web lace if the editor allows it. I think I can cut it short. This is about one-third run?—Mrs. J. J., Middlebury, Ind.

I will send seeds of three varieties of sweet peas to any one sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope,—Miss J. M. E., Box 24, Skaneatles, New York.

I wish to ask some of the readers of the BLADE if there is not some one who wants a woman and child to live with them? I would prefer a home with old people and Christian people. I understand all kinds of work.—MARY BELL, Carbondale, Osage County, Kan.

Will Mrs. J. B. S. please send me the remedy given for catarrh, in Medical department? I will pay all postage.—Address, MRS. NETTIE E. DEVER, Hoisington, Barton county, Kansas.

Where is Cottonwood Falls, in what state? That 12-year-old girl mentioned in Saturday's BLADE is just the kind of a girl I have been looking for for sometime. If you hear of any more such girls that want a good home report to G. W. Pardee, Napoleon, O. Only myself and wife in the family, and if we had such a girl as you describe, or a year or two older, she would be company for us and a help to, I presume.—G. W. PARDEE.

I would like to know how to take tea stains out of a linen table cloth.—V. A.

Would some who have plants to spare send me a few slips or small roots, such as could be sent by mail? If the slips are put in water a few hours before sending they will not wilt and will grow better. Then take them out of the water and put a little moist earth around the stem, and put up in a roll of pastboard. Don't make a large package. Would like a few roses and vines and other plants that will grow easily. I will pay postage.—Address, MRS. B. F. ALLEN, Bridgeport, Saline county, Kansas.

Would like a recipe for chocolate layer cake. If a young couple quit "going together" should all presents be returned, however small they may be?—MINNA E.

Presents should be returned if of any value. The receiver must be the judge of what would come under that head.—ED.

Have any of the members of the HOUSEHOLD and my fellow members of the Legion, songs that they would send to me? I would prefer songs suitable to play with chords on the organ. Please send music with them. I would like to have the music of "Package of Kittens" if you have it. Would also like to have some pretty samples in crochet lace. All will be thankfully received.

Hurrah for Temperance first, then for Harrison and Morton last. Will sign myself "A lover of the BLADE and one of the members of the Legion."—ELLA VERNON, Fredericktown, Knox county, O.

I should like to ask a question through your valuable paper. We wish to get up a home talent entertainment, and should like some one to tell me of a good play or plays. Should like all the information we can get in regard to the affair. Some one answer as soon as possible.—MRS. WM. HURST, Cleveland, Minn.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

I should like to answer M. G. who inquired concerning a parrot that plucks the feathers off. The bird may be suffering from an accumulation of parasites upon its body; the cage may be infested with them, especially in the corners and crevices of the wood of the perch. Those insects crawl upon them and usually infest the head, neck and under the wings, and the poor bird may be simply trying its best to get rid of them. If it is caused by insects the cage must be well cleaned; place a drop of turpentine in each corner of the cage and upon the perch. This will soon destroy them; rub a little train oil on the bare part of the bird's body, or dust the body well with some insect powder. Hemp seed is too heating for general use. Mix a little canary seed with the hemp seeds. Ripe fruits and nuts of any kind in moderation is good; a crust of bread or toast without butter, also a great favorite with some. Don't let the food remain in the cage, it gets sour, and give no meat whatever.—OLD SUBSCRIBER.

The sender of the pattern must correct mistake if there be any, as the copy was carefully followed. The editor has no books giving information in regard to crocheting, etc.—ED.

A subscriber asks how to get rid of cockroaches. I will tell of a way which I have read, and which seems good, though have never had occasion to try it. Take a tin cake box, which is perfectly smooth inside, put in convenient place, and fix so the roaches can climb up from the outside. In the evening steam a piece of cake and place in the box. The roaches will go in for the cake, and cannot climb out.—HARRIET BOLE, Kelseyville, Lake county, Cal.

Will you please give instructions for curtain poles made out of broom sticks?—E. S.

Cut sticks right length for the windows, have carpenter fit ends so the curtains will not slip off, then stain them with any color you choose, or paint them black and rub with chamois skin, to represent ebony.—ED.

Having entered into a dispute about wedding rings we have agreed to refer the matter to the BLADE. Please answer the following questions: On which finger should a lady wear the ring if engaged, and which if married.—I. H. NEEDHAM, Chariton, Iowa.

The engagement ring is usually worn on the first finger of the left hand. If married the wedding ring is placed upon third finger of that hand.—ED.

In reply to "Cousin Bessie" I answer, I know of a young girl 12 years old, perfectly lovely and very smart of first class parentage, both dead; she is truly an orphan soldier, getting nothing from "Uncle Sam." She is in need of one to care for her. She is at present living with two old people. They do not want her and do not send her to school, as they feel they cannot do by her as they would like to. Write to her sister (she has two), who will tell all. Direct to Miss Fanny Thomas, Cottonwood Falls, care of Rev. Mr. Summers.

RECIPES.

APPLE BUTTER.—Boil down a kettlefull of cider to two-thirds the original quantity. Core, pare and slice juicy apples, and put as many into the cider as it will cover. Boil slowly, stirring often, until the apples are tender to breaking, then skim out and drain well. Put in a second supply of apples as many as the cider will hold, and stew them soft. After taking from the fire, pour all together into a tub or large crock; cover and let it stand 12 hours. Return to the kettle, and boil down until it is brown in color, and of the consistence of soft soap. Spice to taste. This will keep all winter, if put in jars in a cool, dry place.

PRESERVED APPLES.—Pare and core the apples, which should be bell-flowers or pippins. Cut into halves or quarters, as suits the size of your jars. Let them stand over night in enough cold water to cover them. In the morning put them in the kettle with the same water, and let them cook gently till you can just stick a fork through. Take out with a skimmer, weigh it, and to each lb. of fruit allow ¾ lb. of sugar. Put the fruit and sugar into the kettle, with enough of the water to make a good syrup, and let them boil gently until they are clear. Take out carefully with the skimmer and put in the jars; fill the jars to the top with the syrup. If there is a large quantity of fruit, and the kettle is not large, it is best to put the fruit in the syrup a little at a time. A few quinces cut up among them, or the juice of 2 lemons to every 3 lbs. of fruit, improves them.

GRAPE PRESERVES.—Squeeze with your fingers the pulp from each grape. Put the pulps on the fire and boil them until they are tender; then press them through a colander, so that the seed may be taken out; now add the skins to the pulps and juice. Put a cupful of sugar to each cupful of fruit, and boil all together until of a thick consistence. Green grape preserves are also nice. In managing the green grapes, halve them, and extract the seeds with a small knife. Put also a cupful of sugar to a cupful of fruit. Many prefer the green to the ripe grape preserves.

GREENGAGE MARMALADE.—When the plums are thoroughly ripe take off the skins, weigh half of them quick for half sugar, for 50 minutes, keeping them well stirred; then to every 4 lbs. add three of good sugar reduced quite to powder; boil the preserve from 5 to 8 minutes longer, and clear off the scum perfectly before it is poured to be put into the jars. When the flesh of the fruit will not separate easily from the stones, weigh and throw the plums whole into the preserving pan, boil them to a pulp, pass through a sieve, and deduct the weight of the stones from them when apportioning the sugar to the jam. The Orleans plums may be substituted for greengages in this recipe. Greengages, stoned and skinned, 6 lbs., 50 mins. Sugar, 4½ lbs., 5 to 8 mins.

PINEAPPLE MARMALADE.—Pare, slice, and weigh the pineapple; then cut into dice. Weigh half its weight of loaf sugar, put to it a teacupful of water to 2 lbs. of sugar; melt and heat to a boil. Heat the fruit in a vessel placed within one of the boiling water, covering it closely to keep it in the flavor. When it is hot throughout and looks clear, add to the syrup, and boil together ½ hr., or until it is a clear, bright paste.

GREEN TOMATO PRESERVES.—Take 8 lbs. of small, green tomatoes; pierce each with a fork; add 7 lbs. of sugar, the juice of 4 lemons, and 1 oz. of ginger and mace mixed. Heat all together slowly, and boil till the fruit is clear. Skim it from the kettle, and spread upon dishes to cool. Place the fruit in jars; boil the syrup thick, and pour, while hot, over the fruit.

Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla Regulates the Regulator. Largest Sarsaparilla bottle in the market. Manufactured by proprietors Warner's Safe Cure. Sold by all druggists. Take no other—it is the best.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

DUVALL, O.

Harry Van Wickle.

ASOTIN, W. T.

Hattie S. Morrill,	Azalia Percifull,
Lena A. Wormell,	Lona M. Mullins,
Abbie W. Wormell,	Ida M. Wormell,
Fred H. Penson,	Nellie C. Bay.
Ada M. Wormell,	Amy F. Shelman,
Winnie Wormell,	Lola Shelman,
Printiss Percifull,	Everett Wormell.

Names this week, 15. Total 24,283.

The above embraces all names received up to October 18.

THE QUEST.

BY EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

There once was a restless boy,
Who dwelt in a home by the sea,
Where the wave danced for joy
And the wind was glad and free:
But he said, "Good mother, Oh! let me go;
For the dullest place in the world, I know,
Is this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

"I will travel east and west;
The loveliest homes shall be;
And when I've found the best,
Dear mother, I'll come for thee.
I'll come for thee in a year and a day,
And joyfully then we'll haste away
From this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple tree."

So he traveled here and there,
But never content was he,
Though he saw in lands most fair
The costliest homes there be.
He something missed from the sea or sky,
Till he turned again, with a wistful sigh,
To the little brown house,
The old brown house,
Under the apple-tree.

Then the mother saw and smiled,
While her heart grew glad and free.
"Hast thou chosen a home, my child?
Ah, where shall we dwell?" quoth she.
And he said, "Sweet Mother, from east to west,
The loveliest home, and the dearest and best,
Is a little brown house,
An old brown house,
Under an apple-tree."—*St. Nicholas.*

A PLUCKY RIDE.

It was late in the fall of 1777, that a foraging party from the British camp in Philadelphia made a descent upon the farm of Major Rudolph south of that city. Having supplied themselves well with provender, one of the soldiers happened to espy a valuable cow in the lane leading to the barn yard, and poor Sukey was immediately confiscated.

Now this cow happened to be the pride of the farm, and was claimed as the exclusive property of Miss Anne Rudolph, aged twelve years. Of course no other animal on the estate was so important as this cow, and her confiscation by the soldiers could not be tolerated. So Miss Anne made an impetuous dash for her recovery, but finding the men deaf to her entreaties and the sergeant proof against her indignation, the spirited child rushed to the stables, saddled her pony and was soon galloping toward camp, determined to appeal to the commander-in-chief of the British army.

Meanwhile, poor Sukey trudged along, her reluctant steps quickened now and then by a gentle prick with the point of the bayonet in her well-rounded side.

To reach the city before the foraging party was the one thought of the child, as her pony went pounding along the old Chester road at a pace that soon brought her within the city limits. She was halted at the first outpost by the guard, and the occasion of her haste was demanded. The child replied:

"I must see the general immediately!"

"But the general cannot be disturbed for every trifle. Tell me your business, and, if important, it will be reported to him."

"It is of great importance, and I cannot stop to talk to you. Please let go my pony, and tell me where to find the general."

"But, my little girl, I cannot let you pass until you tell me whence you came and what your business is within these lines."

"I came from Darby, and my business is to see the general immediately. No one else can tell him what I have to say."

The excitement of the child, together with her persistence, had its influence. General Washington was in the neighborhood, with his ragged army watching the opportunity to strike another blow for the liberty of the colonies. The officer well knew that valuable information of the movements of the rebels frequently reached the British commander through families residing in the country. He might be such a case and this consideration determined the soldier to send the child to headquarters. So summoning an orderly, he directed him to escort the girl to the general.

It was late in the afternoon by this time, and Cornwallis was at dinner with a number of British officers, when "a little girl from the country with a message for the general" was announced.

"Let her come in at once," said the general, and a few moments later Miss Anne Rudolph entered the great tent.

"Well, my little girl, I am General Cornwall's," said that gentleman kindly. "What have you to say to me?"

"*I want my cow!*"

Profound silence reigned for a moment, then came a burst of laughter from all the gentlemen around the table. The girl's face reddened, but she held her ground, and her set features and flashing eyes convinced the general that the child before him was one of no ordinary spirit.

With ready tact, the general drew from her a narration of her grievance. "Why did not your father come?" he asked.

"My father is not at home."

"And have you no brothers?"

"Both of my brothers are away. But, General," cried she impatiently, "*while you keep me here talking the cow will kill my cow!*"

"So—your brothers also are away. Now, tell me, child, where are they?"

"My oldest brother is with General Gates."

"And your other brother, where is he?" inquired the general.

"Is with Harry Lee."

The girl's eyes fairly blazed as she spoke the name of the gallant "Light Horse Harry Lee." "*But, General, I want my cow!*"

"Ah, ha! one brother with Gates and one with Lee. Now," said the general severely, "where is your father?"

"He is with General Washington," answered the little maiden; "but he is a prisoner now."

"So, so. Father and brothers all in the Continental army! I think, then, that you must be a little rebel."

"Yes, sir, if you please. *But I want my cow!*"

"Well, you are a brave little girl, and you shall have your cow and something more, too." Then, stooping forward, he detached from the garters a pair of brilliant knee buckles, which he laid in the child's hands. "Take these," he said, "and keep them to remember that Lord Cornwallis can appreciate courage and truth, even in a young rebel." Then, calling an orderly, he instructed him to go with the child through the camp in search of the cow, and when she should find the animal, to detail a man to drive her home again. So Miss Anne returned home in triumph with her cow. And those sparkling knee buckles are still treasured by her descendents as a memento of Cornwallis and the Revolution.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

A BOARDING-HOUSE BABY.

BY HELEN M. GAY.

Were you ever a boarding-house baby? I don't mean one who boards at the seashore or in the mountains in the summer, but a real, genuine one—*born* there, you know.

It's a foolish question, for if you were an Eastern baby most likely you did as all good respectable Eastern babies do, and made your debut in your father's own or his "own treed" house. I don't consider it at all the thing to be born in a boarding-house, but as I wasn't consulted I'm not responsible. After I had tried my eight netes to see if the octave was all right, just fancy my indignation to hear the doctor say to my mother: "Well, your boy's a girl!"

"I'd like to know why I shouldn't be," says I. "Who's a better right? I wouldn't be a roaring, rampageous boy for anything."

The doctor said, too, that my voice was contralto, but I don't believe he was any judge. I was feeling slightly depressed at the time and it probably showed in my voice. That evening the nurse took me into the next room, and a lot of men and women stood around and stared at me, and made up faces, and said all sorts of impertinent things.

One man asked if my ears were kept strapped down, because they were so close to my head, as all well-bred babies' ears should be; and he said that the soles of my feet were shaped just like oysters. They all tried to make me squeeze their fingers and "speak up pretty to the lady," but I considered them beneath my notice. I have since learned that they were all my adopted uncles and aunts, and, as they have been very good to me ever since, I have long ago forgiven them.

You see my father and mother had come West to live, away from all their friends, and were boarding in a large city. One must have uncles and aunts near enough to be of some use, so I adopted the people nearest to me.

There was the invalid lady in the back room, who was supposed to be very nervous, and mamma was always afraid I would disturb her. She wasn't a bit nervous with me, and made a first-rate aunt after a little training.

There was one great big woman who pretended to know everything about babies; but when I stayed with her sometimes while my mother ate her dinner, she would trot me so hard that you could hear the *thump! thump!* all over the house, and when I had the colic she was scared to death. She was always advising my mother to drink milk-punch, till mamma, who didn't need it, hated the very sound of the name; and she recommended cat-nip tea for my colics till mamma was bored to death.

She and another lady came in to watch mamma the first time she washed and dressed me, so they could advise and find fault, I suppose.

Several of my aunts were teachers, and one of them used to come in after school and hold me, to rest her, she said. She is now one of my two best aunts. I see her often, and she brings me flowers when I am sick.

I have some very good uncles, too, and they used to fight over holding me Sundays. I always held a reception in the parlor on Sunday, because the family were all at home then. When I was about six weeks old Easter Sunday came, and I was dressed up in a little bit of a sacque which was too small to wear again, and I had flowers in my buttonhole.

When I was five weeks old I had no name. That very day my father and mother went down town and bought me a carriage, or a buggy, as they say out here. When they came home mamma said it was a relief to have bought it, and papa said it would relieve his mind if my name was decided upon, and mamma must settle it then and there.

One of my "really and truly" uncles had sent on a list of names which mamma was sure he copied from the dictionary, but which did not seem to suit my fastidious parents, so finally they wrote on slips of paper six different names which they liked very well, shook them up in a hat, and mamma drew them out. One name came out several times, and so they chose that. Wasn't that a queer way to chose a name? They talked of calling me Marjory, which I think is a very pretty name, but when my grandma heard of it she said: "Tut! tut! no, don't call her that. It always reminds me of Marjory Skinflint." This last named person was a disagreeable old thing whom grandma knew when she was young, so I couldn't be called Marjory.

A boarding-house baby, if well behaved, can have a pretty good time after all. Many a pleasant hour have I spent sitting on Aunty Kirkpatrick's bed and playing with her cut-glass cologne-bottle, or in Aunty White's room sorting out her workbasket.

As I grew older I was sometimes allowed to go to the dinner-table on Sunday, and once in a while a big fat man who sat opposite would take me in his lap—or on account of his big stomach I mean in his lap—and let me help myself to a little pile of sugar by his plate. Sometimes down in the parlor they gave me the prettiest round red and white things to play with. These were called poker-chips, though what they had to do with the poker I never could find out. They are very good to bite on, if you don't swallow them.

We don't stay here any longer, but have a home of our own, and my adopted aunties come and borrow me by the hour or the day. One of them tried to borrow me over night not long ago, but when evening came mamma felt so badly about it that she cried, and papa had to go and bring me home. I was having a splendid time and didn't want to come away one bit, but one must humor one's mother.

Now, my young and inexperienced friends, if any of you think it worth while to follow my example and be a boarding-house baby, let me give you a point. Choose a place where you will be the only baby in the house, and where there are plenty of desirable people for adoption. If you would keep your friends, take my advice and don't cry nights, however much you may be tempted. An occasional crying-turn in the day-time is to be expected and will not be laid up against you. It is well to board long enough to take in a birthday and a Christmas or two. A bright, well-behaved baby is liable to make a good thing out of these holidays.—*Baby-hood.*

"GREAT I AND LITTLE YOU."

"How do you like that little new neighbor of yours?" asked Herbert Greene's big brother Wallace, who had seen the two little boys playing together in the yard.

"Oh, you mean Georgie Worthman," said Herbie. "Why, I don't know. I like him, and I don't like him."

Wallace laughed. "Then you quarrel a little sometimes," said he. "Is that it?"

"No, we don't quarrel," said Herbie. "I don't let him know when I'm mad with him."

"What does he do to make you mad with him?" asked Wallace.

"Oh, he says things," said Herbie.

"Such as What?"

"Well, he looks at my marbles and says, 'Is that all you've got?' I have five times as many as that—splendid ones, too. They'd knock those all to smash."

"Ah, I see!" said Wallace. "It is a clear case of '*great I and little you*.'"

"What do you mean by that?" said Herbie.

"Well, if you don't find out by Saturday night, I'll tell you," said Wallace. This was on Monday.

On Wednesday afternoon Herbie was out at play, and presently Georgie Wortham came out. Wallace was in his room, reading, with the windows open, and could hear all that was said.

Georgie brought his kite with him, and asked Herbie if he would go to the common with him to fly his kite.

"Oh, yes! if mother is willing," said Herbie. "But where did you get that kite?—made it yourself, didn't you? I've got one ever so much bigger than that, with yards and yards of tail, and when we let it out it goes out of sight quick, now, I tell you!"

"This isn't the best I can make," said Georgie; "but if I had a bigger one I couldn't pitch it, or hold it after it was up."

"Pooh! I could hold one that pulled like ten horses," said Herbie; and he ran in to ask his mother if he could go with Georgie to the common.

His mother was willing if Wallace would go too, and so, after a little good-natured bothering, Wallace took his hat and Herbie got his kite and twine, and the three boys set off for the common.

Georgie's kite was pitched first and went up in fine style. Then Herbie's went off, and soon passed it, for it had a longer string; and both were far up in the sky.

"There now," said Herbie, "didn't I tell you my kite would beat yours all to nothing? I bet there isn't another kite in town that will begin to be a match for it!"

"How is this? How is this?" said Wallace. "Seems to me '*great I and little you*' are around here pretty thick."

"What do you mean by that?" said both the little boys.

"Why, when a fellow says that he has got the best marbles, and the best kite, and the swiftest sled, and the handsomest velocipede, and the most knowing dog, anywhere in town, we say his talk is all '*great I and little you*.'"

Herbie looked at Georgia, and both blushed a little. The boys had great fun with the kites and when they got home, and Wallace and Herbie went up stairs to put away the kite, Herbie said, "Well, my kite did beat Georgie's, just as I told him it would."

"That is true," said Wallace, "but you said the other day that you liked Georgie, and didn't like him, because he was always telling how much bigger and better his things were than yours; and now, to-day, you are making yourself disagreeable to him by bragging about your kite. Now, if you want the boys to like you, my lad, you must give up talking '*great I and little you*,' for it is not sensible nor kind."

So Herbie found out what Wallace meant, and he said to himself, "I don't mean to let the fellows hear me talking '*great I and little you any more.*"—*Dumb Animals.*

—Shellenberger's Antidote for Malaria destroys the *cause* of disease, which Quinine and other remedies do not pretend to do. It effectually neutralizes the poison in the system and thus prevents the chill. It contains no arsenic or poisonous ingredient of any kind, and may safely be given to an infant. Sold by Druggists.

Drawing the Line.

She (resident of Chicago)—You ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir, to talk to a married woman in that style.

He—Married? I thought you were divorced.

She—Well, I'm not. I don't expect to get my papers for a week.—*Exchange.*

When the Lips of Beauty

Are parted in a smile, they disclose a row of pearls rivaling in purity those which the diver brings up from the bottom of the Persian Sea. What will best preserve these gems of the mouth? SOZODONT, the celebrated purifier and preservative of the teeth.

The Sunday School

Defeat at Ai.

LESSON V., SUNDAY, NOV. 7, 1888.

Golden Text: Incline my heart unto thy testimonies, and not to covetousness.—Psa. 119:36.

LESSON TEXT.
(Josh. 7: 1-12.)

1. But the children of Israel committed a trespass in the accursed thing: for Achan, the son of Carmi, the son of Zabdi, the son of Zerah, of the tribe of Judah, took the accursed thing: and the anger of the Lord was kindled against the children of Israel.

2. And Joshua sent men from Jericho to Ai, which is beside Bethaven, on the east side of Bethel, and spake unto them, saying, Go up and view the country. And the men went up and viewed Ai.

3. And they returned to Joshua, and said unto him, Let not all the people go up; but let about two or three thousand men go up and smite Ai; and make not all the people to labour thither; for they are but few.

4. So there went up thither of the people about three thousand men; and they fled before the men of Ai.

5. And the men of Ai smote of them about thirty and six men: for they chased them from before the gate even unto Shebarim, and smote them in the going down: wherefore the hearts of the people melted, and became as water.

6. And Joshua rent his clothes, and fell to the earth upon his face before the ark of the Lord until the eventide, he and the elders of Israel, and put dust upon their heads.

7. And Joshua said, Alas, O Lord God, wherefore hast thou at all brought this people over Jordan, to deliver us into the hand of the Amorites, to destroy us? would to God we had been content, and dwelt on the other side Jordan!

8. O Lord, what shall I say, when Israel turneth their backs before their enemies?

9. For the Canaanites and all the inhabitants of the land shall hear of it, and shall environ us round, and cut off our name from the earth; and what wilt thou do unto thy great name?

10. And the Lord said unto Joshua, Get thee up; wherefore liest thou thus upon thy face?

11. Israel hath sinned, and they have also transgressed my covenant which I commanded them; for they have even taken of the accursed thing, and have also stolen, and dissembled also, and they have put it even among their own stuff.

12. Therefore the children of Israel could not stand before their enemies, but turned their backs before their enemies, because they were accursed; neither will I be with you any more, except ye destroy the accursed from among you.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

The children of Israel committed a trespass in the devoted thing; for Achan took of the devoted thing (v. 1). A man has no more right to preserve that which ought to be destroyed than he has to take for his own use that which has been set apart for God's service. During our civil war many soldiers stood by and saw valuable property destroyed by order of the military authorities. In such a case, he had no right to take any portion of that property for himself, however much he desired it. The question was not whether the original owner of the property, or the government itself, would be harmed by the soldier's taking a portion of that which was devoted to destruction; but it was whether the soldier had any right to count as his own that which he had been set to destroy. The harm in the case would be to himself, in his failure to accomplish the mission to which he had been set by the government. Many a thing which is attractive in itself ought to be destroyed; and if it ought to be destroyed, it ought not to be preserved. The contents of a saloon, or of a gambling-house, books and pictures which are harmful in themselves, which are private owners or by the public authorities, devoted to destruction, ought to be destroyed. To preserve my portion of them, under such circumstances, would be a wrong on the part of him whose duty it was to destroy them. To preserve a private letter which is entrusted to one to destroy, is not in itself an act of theft, but it is an inexcusable wrong. Even though if no one else in the world is ever harmed by it, the one who

TALMAGE ON "SEVEN IN THE BIBLE."

It Is Used Over Three Hundred Times in the Scriptures—The Seven Candlesticks, Seven Stars, Seven Seals, and Seven Thunders, and What They Mean.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 21.—This morning at the Tabernacle, Dr. Talmage's sermon was on "Seven in the Bible, and his text Genesis ii, 22: "God blessed the seventh day." The Doctor said:

The mathematics of the bible is noticeable: the geometry and the arithmetic: the square in Ezekiel: the circle spoken of in Isaiah: the curve alluded in Job: the rule of fractions mentioned in Daniel: the rule of loss and gain in Mark where Christ asks the people to cipher out by that rule what it would "profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." But there is one mathematical figure that is crowned above all others in the Bible; it is the numeral seven, which the Arabians got from India and all following ages have taken from the Arabians. It stands between the figure six and the figure eight. In the Bible, all the other numerals bow to it. Some three hundred times is it mentioned in the Scriptures, either alone or compounded with other words. In Genesis the week is rounded into seven days, I use my text because there this numeral is for the first introduced in a journey which halts not until in the close of the Book of Revelations its monument is built into the wall of heaven in crysolite which in the strata of precious stones is the seventh. In the bible we find that Jacob had to serve seven years to get Rachel, but she was well worth it; and foretelling the years of prosperity and famine in Pharoah's time the seven fat oxen were eaten up of the seven lean ones; and wisdom is said to be built on seven pillars; and the ark was left with the Philistines seven years; and Naaman for the cure of his leprosy plunged in the Jordan seven times; the dead child when Elisha breathed into its mouth, signaled it arrival back into consciousness by sneezing seven times; to the house that Ezekial saw in vision there were seven steps; the walls of Jericho before they fell down were compassed seven days; Zacharian describes a stone with seven eyes; to cleanse a leprous house the door must be sprinkled with pigeon's blood seven times; in Canaan were overthrown seven nations; on one occasion Christ cast out seven devils; on a mountain he fed a multitude of people with seven loaves, the fragments left filling seven baskets; and the closing passages of the Bible are magnificent and overwhelming with the imagery made up of seven churches, seven stars, seven candlesticks, seven seals, seven angels, and seven heads, and seven crowns, and seven horns, and seven spirits, and seven vials, and seven plagues, and seven thunders.

Yes, this numerical seven seems a favorite with the divine mind outside as well as inside the Bible, for are there not seven prismatic colors? And when God with the rainbow wrote the comforting thought that the world would never have another deluge, he wrote it on the scroll of the sky in ink of seven colors. He grouped into the Pleiades seven stars. Rome, the capital of the world, sat on seven hills. When God would make the most intelligent thing on earth, the human countenance, he fashions it with seven features—the two ears, the two eyes, the two nostrils and the mouth. Yes, our body lasts only seven years, and we gradually shed it for another body after another seven years, and so on, for we are, as to our bodies, septennial animals. So the unnumbered changes through nature and through revelations. It is the number of perfection, and so I use it while I speak of the seven candlesticks, the seven stars, the seven seals and the seven thunders.

The seven golden candlesticks were and are the churches. Mark you, the churches never were and never can be, candles. They are only candlesticks. Theo are not the light, but they are to hold the light. A room in the night might have in it 50 candlesticks, and yet you could not see your hand before your face. The only use of a candlestick, and the only use of a church, is to hold up the light. Rou see it is a dark world, the night of sin, the night of trouble, the night of superstition, the night of persecution, the night of poverty, the night of sickness, the night of death, aye, about fifty nights have interlocked their shadows in which the good go stumbling over prostrated hopes and fallen fortunes, and empty flour barrels and isolated cradles, and death beds. Oh, how much we have use for all the seven candlesticks, with lights blazing from the top of each one of them! Light of pardon for all sin! Light of comfort for all trouble! Light of encouragement for all despondency! Light of eternal riches for all poverty! Light of rescue for all persecution! Light of reunion for all the bereft! Light of heaven for all the dying! And that light is Christ who is the Light that shall yet irradiate the hemispheres. But mark you, when I say churches are not candles but candlesticks, I cast no slur on candlesticks. I believe in beautiful candlesticks. The candlesticks which God ordered for the ancient tabernacle were something exquisite. They were a dream of beauty carved out of lovelinessness. They were made of hammered gold, stood in a foot of gold and had six branches of gold blooming all along in six lilies of gold each, and lips of gold from which the candles lifted their holy fire. And the best houses in any city are those which are the best built, the best ventilated, the best swept, the best windowed and the best chandeliered. Log cabins may do in neighborhoods where most of the people live in log cabins; but let there be palatial churches for regions where many of the people live in palaces. Do not have a better place for yourself than for your Lord and King. Do not live in a mansion and put your Christ in a kitchen. These seven candlesticks of which I speak were not made out of pewter or iron, they were golden candlesticks, and gold is not only a valuable but a bright metal. Have everything about your church bright—your ushers with smiling faces, your music jubilant, your handshaking cordial, your entire service attractive. Many people feel that in church they must look dull in order to be reverential, and many whose faces in other kinds of assemblages show all the different phases of emotion, have in church no more expression than the back of a horse. Brighten up and be responsive. If you feel like weeping, weep. If you feel like smiling, smile. If you feel indignant at some wrong assailed from the pulpit, frown. Do not leave your naturalness and resiliency home because it is Sunday morning. If, as officers of a church, you meet people at the church door with a black look, and have the whole black, and the minister in black preach a black sermon, and from invocation to benediction, have the impression black, few will come, and those who do come will wish they had not come at all.

Golden candlesticks! Scour up the six lilies on each branch, and know that the more lively and brighter they are, the more fit they are to hold the light. But a Christless church is a damage to the world rather than a good. Constantine established his cavalry horses in St. Paul's cathedral, and many now use the church as a place in which to stable their vanities and worldliness. A worldly church is a candlestick without the candle, and it had its prototype in St. Sophia, in Constantinople, built to the glory of God by Constantine, but transformed to base uses by Mohammed the Second. Built out of colored marble; a cupola with 24 windows soaring to the height of 180 feet; the ceiling one great bewilderment of mosaic; galleries supported by eight columns of porphyry and 67 columns of green jasper; nine bronze doors with afto-relievo work fascinating to the eye of a connoisseur; vases and vestments incrusted with all manner of precious stones. Four walls on fire with indescribable splendor. Though labor was cheap, the building cost one million five hundred thousand dollars. Ecclesiastical structure almost supernatural in pomp and majesty. But Mohommedanism tore down from the walls of that building all the saintly and Christly images, and high up in the dome the figure of the cross was rubbed out that the crescent of the barbarous Turk might be substituted. A great church, but no Christ! A gorgeous candlestick, but no candle! Ten thousand such churches would not give the world as much light as one home made tallow candle by which last night some grandmother in the nighties put on her glasses and read the psalms of David in large type. Up with the churches by all means! Hundreds of them, thousands of them, and the more the better. But let each one be a blaze of heavenly light, making the world brighter and brighter, till the last shadow has disappeared, and the last of the suffering children of God shall have reached the land where they have no need of candlestick or "of candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever." Seven candlesticks, the complete number of lights! "Let your light so shine before men that they seeing your good works may glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Turn now in your Bible to the seven stars. We are distinctly told that they are the ministers of religion. Some of them are large stars, some of them small stars, some of them sweep a wide circuit and some of them a small circuit, but so far as they are genuine they get their light from the great central sun around whom they make revolution. Let each one keep in his own sphere. The solar system would be soon wrecked if the stars instead of keeping their own orbit should go to hunting down other stars. Ministers of religion should never clash. But in all the centuries of the Christian church some of these stars have been hunting an Edward Irving or a Horace Bushnell or an Albert Barnes; and the stars that were in pursuit of the other stars lost their own orbit and some of them could never again find it. Alas for the heresy hunters! The best way to destroy error is to preach the truth. The best way to scatter darkness is to strike a light. There is in immensity room enough for all the stars, and in the church room enough for all the ministers. The ministers who give up righteousness and truth will get punishment enough anyhow, for they are "the wandering stars for whom are reserved the blackness of darkness forever." But I should like, as a minister, when I am dying to be able truthfully to say what a captain of the English army, fallen at the head of his column and dying on the Egyptian battlefield, said to Gen. Wolesley, who came to condole with him: "I have led them straight; didn't I lead them straight, general?" God has put us ministers as captains in this battlefield of truth against error. Great at last will be our chagrin if we fall leading the people the wrong way; but great will be our gladness if, when the battle is over, we can hand our swore back to our great commander, saying, "Lord Jesus! We led the people straight; didn't we lead them straight?" Those unbelievers who go off at a tangent and preach some other gospel are not stars but comets, and they flash across the heavens a little while and make people stare, and throw down a few meteoric stones, and then go out of sight if not out of existence. Oh, brethren in the ministry, let us remember that God calls us stars, and our business is to shine and to keep our own spheres, and in so we get done to bring to light up the darkness of this world, we will wheel into higher spheres, and in us shall be fulfilled the promise "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever." Ah! the ministers are not all Pecksniffs and canting hypocrites, as some would have you think! Forgive me, if having in your presence at other times glorified the medical profession, and the legal profession, and the literary profession—I glorify my own. I have seen them in their homes and heard them in their pulpits, and a grander array of men never breathed, and the Bible figure is not strained when it calls them stars; and whole constellations of glorious ministers have already taken their pinces on high, where they shine even brighter than they shone on earth; Edward N. Kirk, of the Congregational church; Stephen H. Tyng, of the Episcopal church; Matthew Simpson, of the Methodist church; John Dowling, of the Baptist church; Samuel K Talmage, of the Presbyterian church; Dr. De Witt, of the Reformed church; John Chambers, of the Independent church, and there I stop, for it so happens that I have mentioned the seven stars of the seven churches.

I pass on to a mighty Bible seven, and they are the seven seals. St. John in vision saw a scroll with seven seals, and he heard an angel cry: "Who is worthy to loose the seals thereof?" Take eight or ten sheets of foolscap paper, paste them together and roll them into a scroll, and have the scroll at seven different places sealed with sealing wax. You unroll the scroll till you come to one of these seals, and then you can go no further until you break that seal; then unroll again until you come to another seal and you can no further until you break that seal; then you go on until all the seven seals are broken, and the contents of the entire scroll is revealed. Now, that scroll with seven seals held by the angel was the prophecy of what was to come on the earth; it means that the knowledge of the future of men with God, and no man in heaven or angel was worthy to open it; but the Bible says Christ opened it and broke all the seven seals. He broke the first seal and unrolled the scroll.

And there was a painting of a white horse, and that meant prosperity and triumph for the Roman empire, and so it really came to pass that for ninety years victorious emperors succeeded each other, Nerva, Trajan and Antinius. Christ in the vision broke the second seal and unrolled again and there was a painting of a red horse and that meant bloodshed, and so it really came to pass, and the next ninety years were red with assassinations and wars. Then Christ broke the third seal and unrolled it and there was a painting of a black horse, which in all literature means famine, oppression and taxation and so it really came to pass. Christ went on until he broke all the seven seals and opened all the scroll. Well, the future of all of us is a sealed scroll, and I am glad that no one but Christ can open it. Do not let us join that class of Christians in our day who are trying to break the seven seals of the future. They are trying to peep into things they have no business with. They try to foretell what is going to come to them and what is going to come on the earth. They know nothing about it. Christ is the only one who can break the seal of the future. Bible prophecy was not written to help us to the things in the future, but to have us, when the things actually come to pass compare them with prophecy and so learn God's foreknowledge and the inspiration of the Scriptures. But you go into this study of the prophecies in order to find out what is going to happen a year from now, or twenty years from now, or 1,000 years from now, and I will make a prophecy of my own, and that is that you will have your brain addled. If you do not positively get into a public or private insane asylum, where the greatest of expounders and preachers of prophecy ended his life a few years since, and where you may regale the visitors of the institution by incoherent mumblings over something from Daniel or Revelations about the leopard which means Greece, and the bear which means Medo-Persia, and the image with the great toes. What a mental wreck did the persistent attempt to forestall events make of that miracle of preachers, Edward Irving, of London. It would take several asylums to hold the demented victims of the improper use of the prophecies of Daniel and Revelation. What! are not those books to be studied? Yes. No part of the Bible is more important. Neither is there any more important shelf in that apothecary's store than the shelf on which are the belladonna and the morphine, but be more careful in using them than in the use of peppermint and ginger. Keep your hands off of the seven seals. Christ will break them soon enough. Don't go to some necromancer or spiritualist, or soothsayer, or fortune teller to find out what is going to happen to yourself, or your family, or your friends. Wait till Christ breaks the seal to find out whether in your own personal life or the life of the nation or the life of the world it is going to be the white horse of prosperity or the red horse of war or the black horse of famine. You will soon enough see him paw and hear him neigh. Take care of the present and the future will take care of itself. If a man live 70 years his biography is in a scroll having at least seven seals; and let him live 80 years, and he does not live a life try to look into the twenties, nor the twenties into the thirties, nor the thirties into the forties, nor the forties into the fifties, nor the fifties into the sixties, nor the sixties into the seventies. From the way the years have got the habit of racing along, I guess you will not have to wait a great while before all the seals of the future are broken. I would not give two cents to know how long I am going to live, or in what day of what year the world is going to be demolished. I would rather give a thousand dollars not to know. Suppose some one could break the next seal in the scroll of your personal history, and should tell you that on the 4th of July, 1890, you were to die, the sunset after the next; how much would you be good for between this and that? It would from now until then be a prolonged funeral. You would be counting the months and the days, and your family and friends would be counting them; and next 4th of July you would rub your hands together and wilke—One year from to day I am to go. Dear me! I wish no one had told me so long before. I wish that necromancer had not broken the seal of the future." And meeting some undertaker you would say: "I hope you will keep yourself free for an engagement the 4th of July, 1890. That day you will be needed at my house. To save time you might as well take my measure now. Five feet seven inches." I am glad that Christ dropped a thick veil over the hour of our demise and the hour of the world's destruction when he said: "Of that day and hour knoweth no man; no, not the angels, but my Father only." Keep your hands off the seven seals.

THE SEVEN THUNDERS.

There is another mighty seven of the Bible, viz, the seven thunders. What these thunders uttered we are not told, and there has been much guessing about them; but they are to come, we are told, before the end of all things, and the world cannot get along without them. Thunder is the speech of lightning. There are evils in our world which must be thundered down, and which will require at least seven voices to prostrate them. We are all doing nice, delicate, soft-handed work in churches, reformatory institutions against the evils of the world, and much of it amounts to a teaspoon dipping out of the Atlantic ocean, or a clam shell digging away at a mountain, or a tack hammer smiting the Gibraltar. What is needed is thunderbolts, and at least seven of them. There is the long line of commercial establishments; every stone in the foundation, and every brick in the wall, and every nail in the rafter made out of dishonesty; skeletons of poorly-paid sewing girls' arms in every beam of that establishment; human nerves worked into every figure of that embroidery; blood in the deep dye of that proffered upholstery; billions of dollars of accumulated fraud entrenched in massive storehouses and stock companies manipulated by unscrupulous men until the monopoly is defiant of all earth and heaven. How shall the evil be overcome? By treaties on the maxim, Honesty is the best policy? Or by self repetition of the golden rule that we must "do to others as we would have them do to us?" No, it will not work in that way. What is needed, and what will come, is the seven thunders. There is drunkenness backed up by a capital mightier than in any other business. Intoxicating liquors enough in this country to float a navy. Good grain to the amount of 67,950,000 bushels annually destroyed to make the deadly liquid. Breweries, distilleries, gin shops, rum parlors, manufacturer associations, our nation spending annually seven hundred and forty millions of dollars for rum, resulting in bankruptcy, disease, pauperism, filth, assassination, death, illimitable woe. What will stop them? High license? No. Prohibition law? No. Churches? No. Moral suasion? No. Thunderbolts will do it; nothing else will. Seven thunders.

Yonder are intrenched infidelity and atheism, with their magazines of literature scoffing at our Christianity; their Hoe printing presses busy day and night. There are their blaspheming apostles, their drunken Tom Paines and libertine Voltaires of the present as well as the past, re-enforced by all the powers of darkness from highest demon to lowest imp. What will extirpate those monsters of infidelity and atheism? John Brown's shorter catechism about "Who made you?" or Westminster catechism about "What is the chief end of man?" No, thunderbolts! The seven thunders!

Oh, men and women, disheartened at the bad way things often go, hear you not a rumbling down the heavenly sky as God coming in our behalf, the seven thunders of the Almighty? Don't let us try to wield them ourselves; they are too heavy and too fiery for us to handle; but God can and God will; and when all mercy has failed and all milder means are exhausted then judgment will begin. Thunderbolts! Depend upon it, that what is not done under the flash of the seven candlesticks will be done by the trampling of the seven thunders.

But I leave this imperial and multipotent numeral seven, where the Bible leaves it, imbedded in the finest wall that was ever built, or ever will be constructed, the wall of heaven. It is with the fifth strata of precious stones that make up that wall. After naming six of the precious stones in that wall, the Bible cries out—"the seventh chrysolite!" The chrysolite is an exquisite green, and in that seventh layer of the heavenly wall shall be preserved forever the dominant color of the earth we once inhabited. I have sometimes been saddened at the thought that this world, according to science and revelation, is to be blotted out of existence, for it is such a beautiful world. But here in this layer of the heavenly wall, where the numeral seven is to be embedded, this strata of green is to be photographed and embalmed and perpetuated, the color of the grass that covers the earth, the color of the foliage that fills the forest, the color of the deep sea. One glance at that green chrysolite, a million years after this planet has been extinguished, will bring to mind just how it looked in summer and spring, and we will say to those who were born blind on earth and never saw at all in this world, after they have obtained their eyesight in heaven: "If you would know how the earth appeared in June and August look at that seventh layer of the heavenly wall, the green of the chrysolite." And while we stand there and talk, spirit with spirit, that old color of the earth which had more sway than all the other colors put together, will bring back to us our earthly experiences, and, nothing but this green chrysolite is the seventh layer of chrystalized magnificence, we may bethink ourselves of the domination of that numeral seven over all other numerals, and thank God that in the dark earth we left behind us we so long enjoyed the light of the seven golden candlesticks, and were all of us permitted to shine among the stars of more or less magnitude, and that all the seven seals of the mysterious future have been broken wide open for us by a loving Christ, and that the seven thunders, having done their work, have ceased reverberation, and that the numeral seven which did such tremendous work in the history of nations on earth, has been given such a high place that Niagara of colors, the wall of heaven, the first foundation of which is jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite."

When shall these eyes thy heaven built walls
And pearly gates behold!
The bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold.

John Chaffee, one of the largest cotton planters in the United States, and formerly funding agent for Jeff Davis's government, died at New Orleans Monday, aged 73.

LOG CABIN GRANDMOTHERS.

An Indiana doctor has recently discovered in a common weed whose medicinal qualities have never before been suspected, a valuable remedy for bowel disorders.

There is nothing particularly strange about this fact.

Nothing.

And yet the very simplicity of the new discovery would, with some, seem to throw just doubt upon its power. To make it one has only to pour hot water over the leaves of the plant. In its preparation no vast chemical works and appliances are required.

Is it to be wondered at since such plainly prepared remedies are accounted as of such great merit in these days, that such wonderful results attended our grandmothers, whose teas and infusions of roots and herbs and balsams, have exerted so great an influence in the maintenance of health and life?

Certainly not!

The greatest pieces of machinery strike us most by their exceeding simplicity.

The secret of the success of grandmother's remedies was their freshness and simplicity. Every autumn found the little Log Cabin abundantly supplied with fresh leaves, roots, herbs and balsams, which were carefully dried and prepared and laid away for use. Dreading to call a doctor because of the expensiveness of his farmade trips, they immediately gave attention to the disease and routed it before it had gained a foothold.

The old Log Cabin grandmother, in cap and high tucked gown, and perchance bespectacled in rough silver, her weary feet encased in "hum made" slips, is the dear sweet nurse who rises to the view of many a man and woman to day, as the early years of life pass in retrospect.

The secrets of grandmother's medicines were rapidly being forgotten and the world was not growing in the grace of good health. To restore the lost art of log cabin healing has been for years the desire of a well-known philanthropist in whose annoncement line were eight "goodly physicians" of the old style, men who never saw a medical college save in the woods, nor a "medical diploma" except that inscribed on the faces of healthy and long-lived patients. Much time and money was expended in securing the aid formulæ, which to-day we put forth as "Log Cabin remedies"—sarsaparilla, hops and buchu, cough and consumption, and several others, by Warner, whose name is famous and a standard for medical excellence all over the globe. These oldest, newest and best preparations have been recognized as of such superexcellence that to-day they can be found with all leading dealers.

When Col. Ethan Allen was making history along our northern frontier during the revolution, Col. Seth Warner, the fighting Sheridan of that army, who was a skillful natural doctor, used many such remedies, notably like the Log Cabin remedies

SYNOPSIS OF GENERAL LEGISLATION

Enacted by the First Session of the Fiftieth Congress—Some Interesting and Valuable Information.

The following embraces the work of the first session of the Fiftieth Congress, just closed, that is of general interest to the people in all parts of the country:

Labor Legislation.

The present Bureau of Labor is enlarged into a department under charge of the Commissioner of Labor appointed by the President, and who holds office for four years. The department is to obtain useful information on subjects connected with labor, and especially upon its relations to capital, the hours of labor, the earnings of laboring men and women, and the means of promoting their material, social, intellectual, and moral prosperity. It shall be the duty of the Commissioner also to ascertain and report as to the effect of the customs laws, and the effect thereon of the state of the currency in the United States, on the agricultural industry, especially as to its effect on mortgage indebtedness of farmers, and what articles are controlled by trusts or other combinations of capital, business operations, or labor, and what effect said trusts, or rather combinations of capital, business operations, or labor have on production and prices. The commissioner is also specially charged to investigate the causes of and acts relating to all controversies and disputes between employers and employes as they may occur, and which may tend to interfere with the welfare of the people of the different states, and report thereon to Congress. The commissioner shall annually make a report in writing to the President and Congress of the information collected and collated by him, and containing such recommendations as he may deem calculated to promote the efficiency of the department.

An act was also passed creating boards of arbitration to settle controversies between inter-state common carriers and their employes. It provides that when either party to the controversy submits a written proposition for arbitration, and it is accepted by the other party, each party shall select an arbitrator, and the two so selected shall choose a third person. When the board of arbitration concludes its investigation, the decision and the findings of fact upon which it is based, together with the testimony taken in the case, are to be filed with the commissioner of Labor. The President may also select two special commissioners at any time, who with the commissioner of Labor as the third, shall investigate any controversy, and to report the best means for its adjustment to the President and Congress.

Public Land.

A joint resolution was passed directing a survey into the practicability of constructing storage reservoirs in the arid regions of the Far West, and a report to Congress. The object is to turn millions of acres now available only for grazing into farming lands.

An act was passed authorizing the condemnation of land for sites for public buildings, under judicial process, whenever it is necessary or advantageous to do so.

A law was passed regulating fees for exemplification of land patents, fixing them at 15 cents each 100 words, and 30 cents each for photo-lithographed copies of township plats or diagrams, for all up to 30 copies, after which only 25 cents a copy shall be charged; with $1 additional for the commissioner's certificate of verification, with the Land office seal.

The law regarding timber depredations on public lands is so amended as to impose a fine of not over $500, or imprisonment not over 12 months, or both.

Indian Tribes.

The act dividing the Sioux reservation provides for opening up to settlement about 11,000,000 acres. The boundaries are carefully marked into permanent reservations for the Indians at the different agencies. Provision is made for allotments in severality to the Indians whenever in the opinion of the President the progress in civilization of those on any particular reservation shall encourage the belief that such an allotment would be to their advantage. The United States is to hold the lands thus allotted for 25 years in trust for the sole benefit of the Indians. All the lands in the great Sioux reservation outside of the separate reservations described in the act are restored to the public domain and are to be disposed of by the United States to actual settlers only under the provisions of the Homestead law. Each settler, however, is required to pay 50 cents an acre in addition to the payment required by the homestead acts. The rights of soldiers as defined in sections 2304 and 2305 of the Revised Statutes are not abridged except as to the 50 cents an acre. Provision is made by which the Crow Creek and Winnebago settlers shall have the right to re-enter their claims and procure the title thereto. The act takes effect only upon the acceptance of its conditions by the different bands of the Sioux nation.

A separate act ratifies and confirms an agreement with the Gros Ventre, Piegan, Blood, Blackfeet and River Crow Indians in Montana. These Indians ceded and relinquished to the United States a portion of the big reservation which runs along the northern border of Montana. The act of Congress sets aside $430,000 to carry out the terms of the agreement. The lands to which the right of the Indians is extinguished are opened to settlement under homestead entry and under the town site laws and laws governing the disposal of coal lands, desert lands, and mineral lands. The same act makes provision for negotiating with the Utes in Southern Colorado for such exchange of their reservation as may be desirable. An agreement by the Shoshone and Bannock Indians for the relinquishment to the United States of a portion of the Fort Hall reservation, in Idaho, for town site and railroad purposes was also ratified.

By another act United States marshals are authorized to arrest offenders and fugitives from justice in the Indian Territory.

A further law relating to the Indian Territory punishes robbery, burglary, and larceny within its limits by a fine, or imprisonment, or both. The law is not to be construed to apply to any offense committed by one Indian upon the person or property of another Indian. The aim, like that of the preceding legislation, is to cover crimes committed by white men.

A law in relation to marriage between white men and Indian women provides that no white man not otherwise a member of any tribe of Indians who may hereafter marry an Indian woman, member of any Indian tribe in the United States or any of its territories, except the five civilized tribes in the Indian Territory, shall by such marriage hereafter acquire any right to any tribal property, privilege, or interest whatever to which any member of such tribe is entitled. Every Indian woman, member of any such tribe of Indians, who may hereafter be married to any citizen of the United States is declared to become by such marriage a citizen of the United States, with all the rights, privileges, and immunities of any such citizen, being a married woman, but nothing in the act shall impair or in any way affect the right or title of such married woman to any tribal property or any interest therein.

Foreign Relations.

A law was passed authorizing the President to invite the several governments of the republics of Mexico, Central and South America, Hayti, San Domingo, and the Empire of Brazil to a conference to be held in Washington in October 1889. One conference is called to consider, first, measures that shall tend to preserve the peace and promote the prosperity of the several American states; second, measures toward the formation of an American customs union, under which the trade of the American nations with each other shall, so far as possible and profitable, be promoted; third, the establishment of regular and frequent communication between the ports of the several American states and the ports of each other; fourth, the establishment of a uniform system of customs regulations in each of the independent American states to govern the mode of importation and exportation of merchandise and port dues and charges, a uniform method of determining the classification and valuation of such merchandise in the ports of each country, and a uniform system of invoices, and the subject of the sanitation of ships and quarantine; fifth, the adoption of a uniform system of weights and measures and laws to protect the patent rights, copy rights and trademarks of citizens of either country in the other, and for the extradition of criminals; sixth, the adoption of a common silver coin to be issued by each government, the same to be legal tender in all commercial transactions between the citizens of all of the American states; seventh, an agreement upon and recommendation for adoption to their respective governments of a definite plan of arbitration of all questions, disputes and differences that may now or hereafter exist between them, to the end that all difficulties and disputes between such nations may be peaceably settled and wars prevented. Also to consider such other subjects relating to the welfare of the several states represented as may be presented by any of the states which are invited to participate in the conference. The president, with the consent of the Senate, is to appoint ten delegates to the conference, and the several countries taking part shall be represented by as many delegates as they may elect, but no country is to be entitled to more than one vote.

By another law the president is authorized to invite the government of each maritime nation to send delegates to a conference at such time and place as he may designate to secure greater safety to life and property at sea.

Relating to Agriculture.

A law was passed requiring United States consuls and commercial agents to procure and transmit to the department of state, for the use of the agricultural department, monthly reports relative to the character, condition and prospective yields of the agricultural and horticultural industries and other frniteries of the country in which they are respectively stationed, to be embodied in our monthly crop reports. Each officer is also required to report, as often as the secretary of the treasury shall require them, the prices current of all articles of merchandise usually exported to the United States from the port or place in which he is situated; and he shall also furnish to the secretary of the treasury, at least once in twelve months, the prices current of all articles of merchandise, including those of the farm, the garden, and the orchard, that are imported through the port or place in which he is stationed.

Postal Matters.

The law regarding marks, printing, writing, etc., upon second, third and fourth-class matter requires that mailable matter of the second class shall contain no writing, print or sign in addition to the original print except the name and address of the person to whom the matter shall be sent, index figures of subscription book, either printed or written, the printed title of the publication and the place of its publication, the printed or written name and address without addition of advertisement of the publisher or sender, or both, and written or printed words or figures, or both, indicating the date on which the subscription to such matter will end, the correction of any typographical error, a mark except by written or printed words, to designate a word or passage to which it is desired to call attention; the words "sample copy" when the matter is sent as such, the words "marked copy" when the matter contains a marked item or article, and publishers or news agents may inclose in their publications, bills, receipts, and orders for subscriptions thereto, but it shall be in such form as to convey no other information than the name, place of publication, subscription price of the publication to which they refer and the subscription due thereon. Upon matter of the third class or upon the wrapper or envelope inclosing the same or the tag or label attached thereto the sender may write his own name, occupation, and residence or business address, preceded by the word "from," and may make marks other than by written or printed words, to call attention to any word or passage in the text, and may correct any typographical errors. There may be placed upon the blank leaves or cover of any book or printed matter the following simple words descriptive dedication or inscription not of the nature of a personal correspondence. Upon the wrapper or envelope of third-class matter, or the tag or label attached thereto, may be printed any matter mailable as third-class, but there must be left on the address side a space sufficient for a legible address and necessary stamps. With a package of fourth-class matter, prepaid at the proper rate for that class, the sender may inclose any mailable third-class matter and may write upon the wrapper or cover or tag or label accompanying the same his name, occupation, business, or business address, preceded by the word "from," and any marks, numbers, names, or letters for purpose of description, or may print the same, and any printed matter not in the nature of a personal correspondence, but there must be left on the address side or face of the package a space sufficient for a legible address and necessary stamps. The regulations for transmitting, delivery, forwarding or return shall be deemed part of the address.

An important amendment to the postal laws prohibits the sending through the mails of postal cards on which are written, printed, etc., or of the mail matter, the outside of which has upon it any indecent, libelous, obscene or threatening words. This covers any writing or printing of a threatening nature regarding the collection of bad debts, etc. The amendment covers the use of the mails for improper or blackmailing purposes by means of transparent envelopes or similar devices.

The only other important postal legislation was the law limiting the hours of letter-carriers to eight per day.

Pension Legislation.

The law for an increase of pensions for deafness gives $30 per month in cases of total deafness and such proportion in cases of partial deafness, as the secretary of the Interior may deem equitable. Widows' pensions are made to date from the death of their husbands.

The law in aid of state or territorial homes for disabled soldiers or sailors gives $100 per year for each soldier or sailor so cared for who is incapable of earning his own living.

An act to relieve certain appointed or enlisted men of the navy from the charge of desertion gives the secretary of the Navy authority to remove the charge in a number of specified instances. When the charge of desertion is removed the man so benefited—or, in case of his death, his legal representatives or heirs—shall be entitled to the pay and bounty which may have been withheld on account of the charge of desertion.

Another act authorizes and directs the accounting officers of the treasury to reconsider the claims of all soldiers and their heirs who may have been denied the bounty of $100 granted by the act of April 22, 1872, under any construction of the act which has since been modified or rescinded, and such claims shall, if found correct and just, be allowed and paid, provided the soldiers were enrolled or enlisted for three years prior to July 22, 1861, and were actually mustered into the service of the United States and honorably discharged.

By still another law the provisions of the muster act of 1884, as amended in 1887, are revived and extended for a period of five years from June 3, 1887. The limitation heretofore imposed by law on the presentation by officers or soldiers of claims for the loss of horses and equipments in the military services during the late war is suspended for the period of three years.

Other Legislation.

The most notable other act was the Chinese exclusion act, which prohibits entirely the coming of Chinese laborers.

The law for the relief of importers of breeding animals authorizes the secretary of the treasury to remit to any persons who shall have, prior to the passage of the act, in good faith, specially imported into the United States animals for breeding purposes, whether for the importer's own use or for sale, all duties, if any shall have accrued, upon such importations.

The prosecution of works projected for the improvement of rivers and harbors is to be facilitated by a law under which the secretary of war may cause proceedings to be instituted, in the name of the United States, in any court having jurisdiction of such proceedings, for the acquirement by condemnation of any land, right of way, or material needed to enable him to maintain, operate, or prosecute works for the improvement of rivers and harbors for which provision has been made by law.

An act was passed directing that the certificates and lists of votes for President and Vice President of the United States shall be forwarded to the president of the Senate forthwith after the second Monday in January, on which the electors shall give their votes. Sec 141 of the Revised Statutes was amended as to read as follows: "Sec. 141. Whenever a certificate of votes from any State has not been received at the seat of government the fourth Monday of the month of January in which their meeting shall have been held, the secretary of State shall send a special messenger to the district judge in whose custody one certificate of the votes from that state has been lodged, and such judge shall forthwith transmit that list to the seat of government."

The navy is to be further strengthened by two steel cruisers to cost, exclusive of armaments, not more than $1,100,000 each; one steel cruiser not more than $1,800,000; one armored cruiser, $3,500,000; three gunboats or cruisers, $700,000 or the three.

OKLAHOMA BOOMERS.

They Get Some Encouragement From the Creek Council.

OCMULGEE, Oct. 17.—A committee representing the Creek council took a step yesterday that will go a long way towards encouraging the Oklahoma boomers. This committee was appointed ten days ago by the council to investigate and report upon the advisability of disposing of the residuary rights of the Creeks in the Oklahoma lands.

The committee has submitted its report. After stating that the Creeks have a large interest in the lands, it suggests that a ready market is now awaiting, and that the council had full authority to dispose of the lands whenever it sees fit. This report if adopted will put some of the lands on the market in a short time.

The Marine Hospital bureau is informed by Dr. Phillips, vice president of the board of health, of Gainesville, Fla., that two more new cases of yellow fever have developed in that city, and that the fever has been declared epidemic.

POLITICAL.

THE DOLLAR-A-DAY LIE.

The Knights of Labor Denounce the Author of the Story.

Special to the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 17.—Some time ago Edwin F. Gould, the father of the lie that General Harrison said a dollar a day was enough for a workingman, sent out the story under the seal of District Assembly No. 196, K. of L. The statement so furnished by him under said seal has been circulated by the Democratic national committee. Armstrong Assembly No. 2212, of this city, has just issued the following circular letter under the seal of the Assembly:

To all Knights of Labor—Greeting:—

SANCTUARY ARMSTRONG ASSEMBLY, NO. 2212.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND., October 11, 1888.

In the interest of our order, we believe it to be our duty to call the attention of all Knights of Labor to a circular issued by Local Assembly 263, K. of L., at Canisteo, N. Y., which contains a letter dated at Indianapolis, Ind., September 10, 1888, sealed with the seal of D. A. 106, K. of L., and signed by Edwin F. Gould as recording secretary of the same. We do this for the following reasons:—

First—Edwin F. Gould was not authorized to write such a letter. He used the seal of D. A. 106, and signed as recording secretary not only without authority, but without the knowledge of the master workman or the members of D. A. 106 or the sanction of the legislative committee.

Second—The Knights of Labor connected with D. A 106 and with the local assemblies represented by D. A. 106 did not know of the existance of such a letter till its publication in the Indianapolis newspapers, more than three weeks after the date it was alleged to have been written.

Third—We denounce and condemn the action of Edwin F. Gould as wicked and malicious, and doing a great wrong to our order, it being well understood and a part of the law governing our order, that political action shall not be taken by an assembly.

Fourth—It is fully understood by the members of the K. of L. in this city that Edwin F. Gould is an unscrupulous political worker, and that he has sought to use our order for furthering his political schemes on other occasions as well as this. We understand and fully believe, that he has been and now is in the employ of the Democratic party, and that he has been sent into the state of New York by the managers of said party to advance the interests of Grover Cleveland and to destroy as far as possible the usefulness of our order. Therefore we warn all Knights of Labor everywhere to beware of Edwin F. Gould as unreliable and wholly untrustworthy.

Fifth—We denounce as maliciously false the statements made by said Gould that Gen. Harrison said that "a dollar a day was enough for any workingman," or "that he would force them back to work if he had to wade in blood up to the tips of his fingers," or that he "would shoot them down as dogs," and other similar statements.

JOHN MEDERT, Master Workman.
EDWARD S. POPE, Recording Secretary
ARMSTRONG Assembly, No. 2212, K of L.

None of the officers of this Assembly are Republicans. They are not supporters of Gen. Harrison, but they are honest men.

AT MORTON'S HOME.

The Republican Candidate for Vice President Addresses a Large Audience.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Oct. 19.—There was an immense demonstration at Rhine Cliff, last night, the occasion being a visit of various Republican clubs to Mr. Levi P. Morton. Fully 5,000 persons were present. On arriving at Mr. Morton's residence the clubs were massed on the lawn on the north side of the house. George Esselstyn, of Rhinebeck, as chairman, welcomed the clubs, and presented them to Mr. Morton, who spoke as follows:

MR. ESSELSTYN, FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS OF DUCHESS AND ULSTER COUNTIES:—Illuminated demonstrations of this magnitude are of rare occurrence in quiet country towns, and the surprise of the people of Rhinebeck can, I think, only be compared to that of the red men of the forest when the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, or when Hendrick Hudson's boat made its first trip up the Hudson river. However, I have great pleasure in greeting you with a cordial welcome, and beg to assure you of my grateful appreciation of the honor conferred upon me by your visit here this evening.

"Beyond welcoming you here in the best terms at my command, I do not see that there is much to be said. You are all Republicans, and no arguments are therefore needed, either to convert you to those principles or strength wavering faith in them, and it so happens that within the party there are no questions upon which Republicans differ. There is nothing in our platform which calls for guarded explanations or diplomatic excuses, and there are in our party no cliques, sects or factions. If, therefore, we have no politics to talk about this evening, we can at least felicitate ourselves and each other upon the harmony which pervades the Republican party, and the element of strength which such unity of sentiment and purpose so clearly betokens.

"But, my friends, industrial and personal work is equally important. Only a few days remain for effective work before a verdict must be given which will, in my judgment, have a far-reaching effect upon the future prosperity of the country. The absorbing question at this day is whether that verdict will favor the continuance of those principles of protection for which the Republican party has always contended, and which have placed this country at the head of industrial nations. With such complete harmony in our ranks, such unison in sentiment, in action and expectation, we may well await that verdict with confident assurance."

WAR TO THE HILT.

Hill's Friends Will Never Rest Until Monsieur Veto is Snowed Under.

NEW YORK, Oct. 23.—(Special.)—The Democratic business men of this city propose to have their big parade next Saturday afternoon. It was arranged that President Cleveland and Governor David B. Hill should review the parade jointly from a stand erected opposite the Worth monument, on Fifth avenue. Now it is stated officially that Governor Hill has refused to review the parade in personal association with President Cleveland.

This announcement fell like a thunderclap upon the Democrats of the city, and created widespread consternation.

It means more than appears on the surface.

It is simply war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt, on election day.

It is the culmination of a series of wrongs and outrages which President Cleveland has perpetrated upon Governor Hill.

It may be possible, but it is not probable, that Governor Hill will recall his decision. The result, however, will not be altered. Governor Hill's friends have made up their mind. The National Democratic committee, however, is greatly alarmed. They have appointed a committee to see Governor Hill and ask him, for the sake of apparent harmony, to reconsider his action.

Every pressure which can be brought to bear upon the governor will be resorted to. It is said that President Cleveland is even himself alarmed at the situation and has appealed to Barnum and Brice to patch up the trouble.

In order to understand the situation it is necessary to give here a little bit of history. President Cleveland was opposed to Governor Hill's renomination for some time previous to the meeting of the state convention. It is stated, authoritatively, that he contemplated using his influence to prevent Mr. Hill's being renominated. His friends, however, prevailed upon him to take his hands off. They told him that any interference of the national administration in state affairs, such as he contemplated, would simply facilitate another Folger campaign. He reluctantly listened to this counsel, but ever since Mr. Hill's renomination it has been his apparent determination to do everything he could to secure more votes in the state of New York than would be cast for Governor Hill.

This is what Gov. Hill's friends state. There is no question but that he has openly commanded the two bureaus at work down town, who are trying to secure Governor Hill's defeat, namely the Mugwump and Independent Democrat bureaus. With the Mugwumps his word is virtually law. The Independent bureau is managed by William R. Grace, and city chamberlain, William M. Ivins, both of whom are under deep obligations to Mr. Cleveland and who are expecting repeated favors at his hands.

About three weeks ago, the Hill men became indignant at the situation. They started a plan to have petitions circulated in the down town exchanges for the signatures of Democratic business men asking Mr. Cleveland to come out officially and endorse Governor Hill.

These petitions stated the fact that Governor Hill was stumping the country in the interest of President Cleveland, and that the least Mr. Cleveland could do would be to stop the work done by his friends against Mr. Hill.

Nothing was heard more concerning those petitions. They disappeared mysteriously. The day before yesterday Joseph J. O'Donoghue, who was one of the originators of the movement, stated that the petitions were printed and ready for circulation. Then he quietly refused to say anything more.

From other sources, however, it was learned that a strong pressure was brought to bear from Washington to have the petitions suppressed.

Its originators were quietly and emphatically told that it would not do to push it. At the same time, this demand was coupled with the promise from the White House that everything that could be would be done to stop the work of the mugwump and independent bureaus against Governor Hill.

On these terms the Hill men, in the interests of peace and harmony, acquiesced, but the promise on the part of the administration is not kept.

Instead of the Mugwump bureau stopping work they went on even with double vigor. William R. Grace and William M. Ivins, who were running the Independent concern against Hill, were seen in daily and close conversation with Cleveland's chief representative in this city, namely, Collector Magone.

The Hill men pointed to this fact as an evidence of the administration's treachery and day by day they become more irritated.

The effect of this on election day can only be appreciated by those who know the situation in this city and in this state.

It is true that Mr. Cleveland has the mugwumps as his backers. It is also true that he has hardly a friend among any leader who does work on election day. While it is true that he was renominated at St. Louis with a loud "aye," any one who knows the inside history of the St. Louis convention, knows perfectly well that that "aye" was prefaced by a silent "DAMN!"

He was nominated because he had to be, and there was not a prominent politician in that convention from this city whose just demands he hadn't disregarded.

On the other hand those politicians who do the work are all strong personal friends and admirers of Governor Hill and they seem bound to help him through.

They openly state that if President Cleveland is going to get votes for himself in one quarter at the expense of Governor Hill they will get votes in another quarter at the expense of President Cleveland.

Hill's personal friends in the up town resorts openly boast that Cleveland could not play the game he was up to without some one else playing it too; that Mr. Hill would poll more votes in this state than Mr. Cleveland, and they did not care a rap what it cost to secure that result.

This simply means that if this fight continues, and there appears to be no possible means of bridging the breach, Hill's friends throughout the state will openly trade votes for Hill votes for the Republican electoral ticket.

If New York be considered the pivotal state, as it undoubtedly is, the result in this warfare and in this hell-bent desire of Cleveland to over-reach himself can only result in disaster, at least from the present outlook, to the Democratic electoral ticket.

BETTING BIG MONEY.

A Republican Wants to Wager $100,000 to $95,000 on Harrison.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20.—(Special.)—There is any amount of Republican money here just now seeking an opportunity to match itself against Democratic finances, but somehaw the latter does not put in its appearance with that promptness which one would expect from the manner in which results have been prophesied by Democrats the past few weeks. Early in the campaign they were offering enormous odds upon the general result, but recent events and the general turn in public sentiment have caused a change in the judgment of the betting fraternity and politicians.

Now even money is expected, and some Democrats have asked small odds, which have in a few instances been conceded to. But at even terms there appears to be great difficulty in persuading Democrats to put up forfeits promptly, and the blatant ones who have been haunting the corridors of the hotels are hard to find when a Republican appears who is willing to wager large sums.

It was but a few nights ago that one party offered to place $100,000 against $95,000 on Harrison's success, or to split it into two wagers of $50,000 against $40,000, but no Democrat has yet appeared willing to meet the offer.

The betting up town, this morning, was a little livelier than for some days past, and at the Hoffman house three admirers of Cleveland were afforded the opportunity of filling even bets of $1,000 on the general result, and several put up sums ranging from $100 to $500 on the same terms. At the St. James a number of bets are reported, and a few at the Fifth Avenue hotel.

G. K Clark, the big grain operator, and representative from the produce exchange here, of "Old Hutch," the Chicago wheat manipulator, took the wind out of the Democratic sails, down town, by offering to bet $25,000 even that Harrison would be the next President.

The wager was offered in the vicinity of the exchange wheat pit about 1 o'clock, and a few moments afterwards messengers were spinning in between the exchange and the Democratic down town strongholds.

Telegrams were also sent to the Hoffman house, the stock exchange and the Democratic national headquarters, but up to a late hour in the afternoon no reply had been received, and no offers to meet the wager were made at the up-town hotels.

The offer still holds good.

It was reported at the Hoffman house that two well-known and very prominent politicians were to meet to-day or Monday to adjust the terms and amounts of several bets for very large sums, and it is believed that the affair will create a decided stir in betting circles when it is made public.

THE FISHERIES.

An Ottawa Special Pictures Everything Peaceful and Lovely.

OTTAWA, Oct. 23.—(Special.)—Commander Gordon, in charge of the fishery protective service, is here to report on the season's work. That the Dominion authorities have acceded to the request made early in the spring by the British government that every leniency should be shown American fishermen in order to avoid any conflict with the United States, is borne out by the fact that not one seizure of an American fishing vessel has been made this year.

Commander Gordon says that in no instance did an American vessel attempt to violate the negotiations, which may be partially accounted for by the fact that they were permitted to go on shore to communicate with their homes whenever they wished, while those who were so disposed could take out a license, which gave them all the privileges they desired. He says the modified resolutions have done much to remove all cause of irritation.

ZINC WATER.

An Invention by Which Wood can be Made Fire Proof.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—An Ithaca special says: In the course of conversation at Cornell University, Saturday, Edward Atkinson, the Boston economist, stated that a New England genius has recently discovered a cheap method of dissolving zinc by combining it with hydrogen and producing a solution called zinc water.

This liquid, if applied to certain woods, notably white wood, makes it absolutely fire-proof, and at a low cost. Mr. Atkinson regards this discovery one of the most important of the age, and one that will surely revolutionize fire insurance, as well as materially decrease the loss by fire. The invention is kept secret for the present. Only one foreigner—Sir Lyon Playfair, the English scientist,—knows of it.

He corroborates all that is claimed for the invention, and says that the inventor is a bungling chemist, but that he has a faculty of blundering into the choicest secrets in nature's laboratory. As soon as patents are perfected and capital interested, zinc water will become an article of commerce.

Yellow Fever.

JACKSONVILLE, Oct. 23.—

New cases	43
Deaths	1
Total cases to date	3,839
Total deaths to date	332

COLUMBUS, Ga., Oct. 23.—The board of health has raised the quarantine against all points.

FERNANDINA, Fla., Oct. 23.—Fifteen new cases, one death.

Clinton Lamar, chief of police of Decatur, Ala., died Tuesday. Ed. R. Young was buried yesterday, Lee Litton, secretary of the Relief committee is among the new cases. Mrs. Wooldridge died yesterday, her three small children are left with no relatives in this city. H. C. Jones, jr., former president of the Relief committee will not live; J. M. Vicroy, is very dangerous, fears are entertained for his recovery. A slight frost occurred this morning, not enough to do any good.

Mr. Michael Davitt has written a letter to the London *Times* in which he says the Irish will not accept the scheme proposed by the Liberals for the government of Ireland, unless an Irish parliament is allowed to solve the land question and fix the compensation to be paid to the landlords.

Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla Regulates the Reguiator. Largest Sarsaparilla bottle in the market. Manufactured by proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure. Sold by all druggists. Take no other—it is the best.

WILL GO TO THE HIGHEST COURT.

The Opinion of Judge Sawyer Sustaining the Chinese Exclusion Act.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 18.—Judge Sawyer announced his decision in the United States Circuit court in two cases under the Chinese exclusion act. The court holds that that act is constitutional, and that its provisions apply to Chinese now in port on shipboard, to those on the way from China, and to those still in China. It is estimated that this decision will affect about 33,000 Chinese, as there are over 30,000 return certificates still outstanding, and it is believed that there are now about 3,000 Chinamen in the country who had lived here before the restriction act was passed, and who, before the passage of the exclusion bill, would be entitled to re-enter this country under the claim of being "prior residents."

About 600 Chinese have arrived in this port since the approval of the exclusion act, and about 700 others are now on their way from China.

The decision of the court, which is very lengthy, declared that the language of the act is clear and exact and capable of bearing but one construction. It begins to operate from the moment it was approved by the President, and though the petitioners in these cases were upon the high seas at the time the act was approved, it nevertheless operates upon them. The court further declares there is no specific contract between the United States government and individual chinese laborers by the latter should be entitled to return to this country after once departing from it; a return certificate is not a contract, but only an instrument of evidence to establish the identity of the party already entitled to certain privileges under the compact between the United States and the Chinese Government between the two Government treaties like other laws that confer rights and privileges so long as they are in force, and the court holds that the right of Congress to legislate in such manner as to control and repeal stipulations of treaties has been clearly recognized. An act of Congress upon a subject within its legislative power, is as binding upon the courts as a treaty on the same subject; both are binding except as the latter one conflicts or interferes with the former.

The Court answered the point raised by counsel for the Chinese, that the law was unconstitutional because ex post facto, by saying that it is simply a repeal by Congress of a prior law found in the stipulations of the treaty with China. The counsel for the Chinese gave notice they would appeal the cases to the United States Supreme Court.

THE LAW IS GOOD.

The Supreme Court of the United States Sustains the Constitutionality of the Iowa Prohibition Law—Color Blindness.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 22.—The Supreme court to-day sustained the constitutionality of the Prohibition law of Iowa.

The point at issue was the right to manufacture intoxicating liquors solely for exportation to other states, despite the state law, and it was pleaded that the prohibitory feature, in so far as the manufacture for exportation is concerned, was in conflict with the constitutional provisions giving Congress the sole right to regulate inter-state commerce.

The case is that of J. S. Kidd, a distiller, plaintiff in error, vs. I. E. Peason and S. J. Laughras.

The court holds that the state law prohibiting both the manufacture and sale, except for mechanical, medicinal, pulmanary and sacremental purposes, is not in conflict with the inter-state commerce provisions, and the decision of the Iowa court is sustained. Opinion by Justice Lamar.

The Supreme court, in a decision rendered to-day, affirms the right of a state to prescribe tests for color blindness among employes of railroads.

CAPTURED A HUSBAND.

An Indian Girl Who Would Not Let Her Game Escape.

STANDING ROCK, Dak., Oct 18.—The people of the agency have been greatly surprised by a sensational courtship, culminating in a marriage here yesterday. Last week a small party of Eastern gentlemen who were securing this section on a hunting and pleasure expedition lost their bearings and wandered to the agency, where the Indians gave them the necessary information in regard to their route. In the company was Henry Ashburton, a wealthy young man of Leeds, England.

While preparing dinner in their tent the first day after their arrival a daughter of one of the leading chiefs entered, approached the astonished young Briton, threw her arms around his neck, repeatedly kissing him. The young woman was very good looking, and the young man, though greatly astonished, did not attempt to check her.

Their acquaintance ripened into love, and the wedding took place yesterday. The bride is a full-breed, about 18 years of age. Her face is white and delicate, and, attired in civilized and fashionable garments, no one would ever suspect that she was of Indian parentage.

TAPPED THE CHUTE.

How the Elevator Thieves Managed to Do a Good Business.

MEMPHIS, Oct. 20.—One of the directors of the Union Elevator company has explained how Hugh Holcomb engineered the wheat steal, involving 60,000 bushels. Holcomb had a 30,000 bin in the elevator. It is located below the other bins, and near the railway tracks. The cars are loaded through chutes, connected with the wheat bins.

Holcomb took off a board from one of these chutes and put on another in its stead that had an augur hole in it, and during the loading process wheat continued to pour down into his bin through this hole. When he had enough so obtained, he loaded it in a car and it was hauled to market.

He had to divide up with confederates in the deal, but his individual rake-off amounted to about $50,000.

D. C. Moak, implicated in the steal, has written to his wife from Chicago to the effect that he will not return to Minneapolis. Holcomb, it is supposed, is with him.

RICH ORE DEPOSITS.

A Sensational Find in the Aspen Mines in Colorado.

ASPEN, Col., Oct. 19.—The Aspen mine, which has been the scene of so many sensational discoveries, has come to the front with another. Wednesday night a cave was struck, 30 feet long and 70 feet high. Lying on the wall is a bed of ore 7 feet thick and enormously rich. Some of it runs as high as 4,000 ounces, and it will all average several hundred ounces. At the far end of the cave is a crevice running across the formation. This is of an unknown depth.

Manager Paul attempted to get some idea of its depth by timing the fall of stones in it, but the stones kept on falling until the noise of their striking against the sides grew too indistinct to be noted. The watch showed that after fourteen seconds they were still going down. A strong current of air came up through the fissure. This is found in the first level. After passing through the ore the drift was run about three hundred feet and has opened the new bonanza found in the cave.

IT WONT WORK.

America Wants None of Your Paupers, Thank You.

NEW YORK, Oct. 18.—Among the immigrant arrivals on the steamship Spain of the National line, was a party of destitute men and women, who had been sent over here by the Duke of Buckingham, England. Work was slack on the other side and the Duke was appealed to with the above result.

Some were sick and none had money. So the whole party will be returned to His Grace on Saturday next with Collector Magones' compliments.

The Anchor line steamer Britannia, which was detained at Quarantine on a case of small-pox on board, had among its 641 passengers a Chinaman. The customs officers pounced on him at once and confined him on the ship. This is the first time in years that a Chinaman has attempted to land here. He will be returned.

WILL MAKE CHICAGO HOWL.

Anarchists Preparing to Celebrate the Anniversary of the Hanging.

CHICAGO, Oct. 17.—The 11th day of November will be the first anniversary of the hanging of the anarchists. Work is now quietly going on among their friends for the observance of the day and elaborate ceremonies at Waldheim cemetery, where Fields, Parsons, Engle, Fisher and Lingg lie buried.

The anniversary will fall on Sunday this year, and it is expected that a host of laboring men who would not otherwise be able to attend will visit the graves and listen to the speeches. It is expected that speakers from New York will be present and will address the crowd. It is intended to have a chorus of 300 Sunday school children from the socialistic societies, who will form a part of the procession.

Three thousand people at Fernandina, Fla., are in extreme need.

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF
PURE COD LIVER OIL
AND PHOSPHATES OF
LIME, SODA, IRON.
FOR THE CURE OF
Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Debility, Wasting Diseases and Scrofulous Humors.
Almost as palatable as cream. It can be taken with pleasure by delicate persons and children, who, after using it, are very fond of it. It assimilates with the food, increases the flesh and appetite, builds up the nervous system, restores energy to mind and body, creates new, rich and pure blood, in fact rejuvenates the whole system.
FLESH, NERVE, BLOOD, BRAIN.
This preparation is far superior to all other preparations of Cod Liver Oil; it has many imitators, but no equals. The results following its use are its best recommendations. Be sure as you value your health, and get the genuine. Manufactured only by DR. ALEXR. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

THE PARNELL CASE.

The Trial Before the Commissioners Opened This Morning.

LONDON, Oct. 22.—The commission which was appointed to investigate the charges made by the *Times* against Irish members of Parliament, opened court at 11 o'clock this morning. Sir Charles Russell, as leading council for Mr. Parnell, opened the proceedings by applying for the release from Richmond prison of Mr. William Redmond.

Justice Hannon, president of the commission, said the same course would be adopted with Mr. Redmond, as in the case of Mr. John Dillon. His release must not be construed to mean that he had been granted immunity from imprisonment. He would be set free only under strict conditions. These would not allow of his taking any part in public life, and would compel him to hold himself strictly a prisoner on parole.

Sir Charles Russell intimated that for the present he would not insist upon his application for Mr. Redmond's release.

A discussion then ensued upon the length of time the court should sit weekly. Counsel for both sides concurred in a proposal to hold sessions upon four days of each week, but the court decided to meet every week day except Saturday, and asked counsel to expedite the proceedings.

Attorney General Webster opened the case for the *Times*. He promised to give the court the fullest information in the *Times's* power regarding the source of the evidence against the Irish party which the *Times* had published. He would not treat the case as having anything to do with the merits or demerits of home rule, or of any supposed Parnell Irish question. The inquiry was strictly into the specific charges made in the O'Donnell action against the *Times*, and he would be careful not to introduce questions beyond the charges.

The attorney general then proceeded to review the *Times'* articles on "Parnellism and Crime," going over the old ground.

The court room was well filled, but was not over-crowded. Perfect order prevailed. The general public was not admitted. Mr. Parnell and numerous other Nationalist members of Parliament were present.

Evidence would be furnished, said Mr. Webster, to prove that ever since the Land League was formed Mr. Parnell and his colleagues were intimately associated with Irish-American advocates of dynamite, and also to show that many untraced crimes were due to the incitement of both the Land and the National Leagues.

LONDON, Oct. 23.—On the reassembling of the Parnell commission to-day, Mr. Joseph Biggar, one of the Irish members of Parliament involved in the *Times* charges, personally requested that he be supplied with copies of those speeches read by Attorney General Webster yesterday which referred to him.

The attorney general promised to supply them and then continued with the prosecution of the case.

He said Mr. Parnell's supporters had been trying to exhibit him as one who stood aloof from the "anti-rent" and "plan of campaign" agitators. But the fact was that as far back as 1880 Mr. Parnell had led the "anti-rent" movement, and in a speech in County Kerry in that year he had told his hearers that the Land League had plenty of money to defend those tenant farmers who refused to pay their rents. He referred to the wickedness of the advice given by Boyton, Timothy Harrington and Father O'Leary at the Barry-Claugh meeting in 1881, and said that at that time Mr. Parnell and his colleagues did not conceal their sympathy with the league's emissaries in crime.

THE W. C. T. U.

The Fifteenth Annual Convention in Session.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20.—The fifteenth ann